Smithsonian

October 1994

Treasures of the Hopi

A new Smithsonian museum opens (p. 40)

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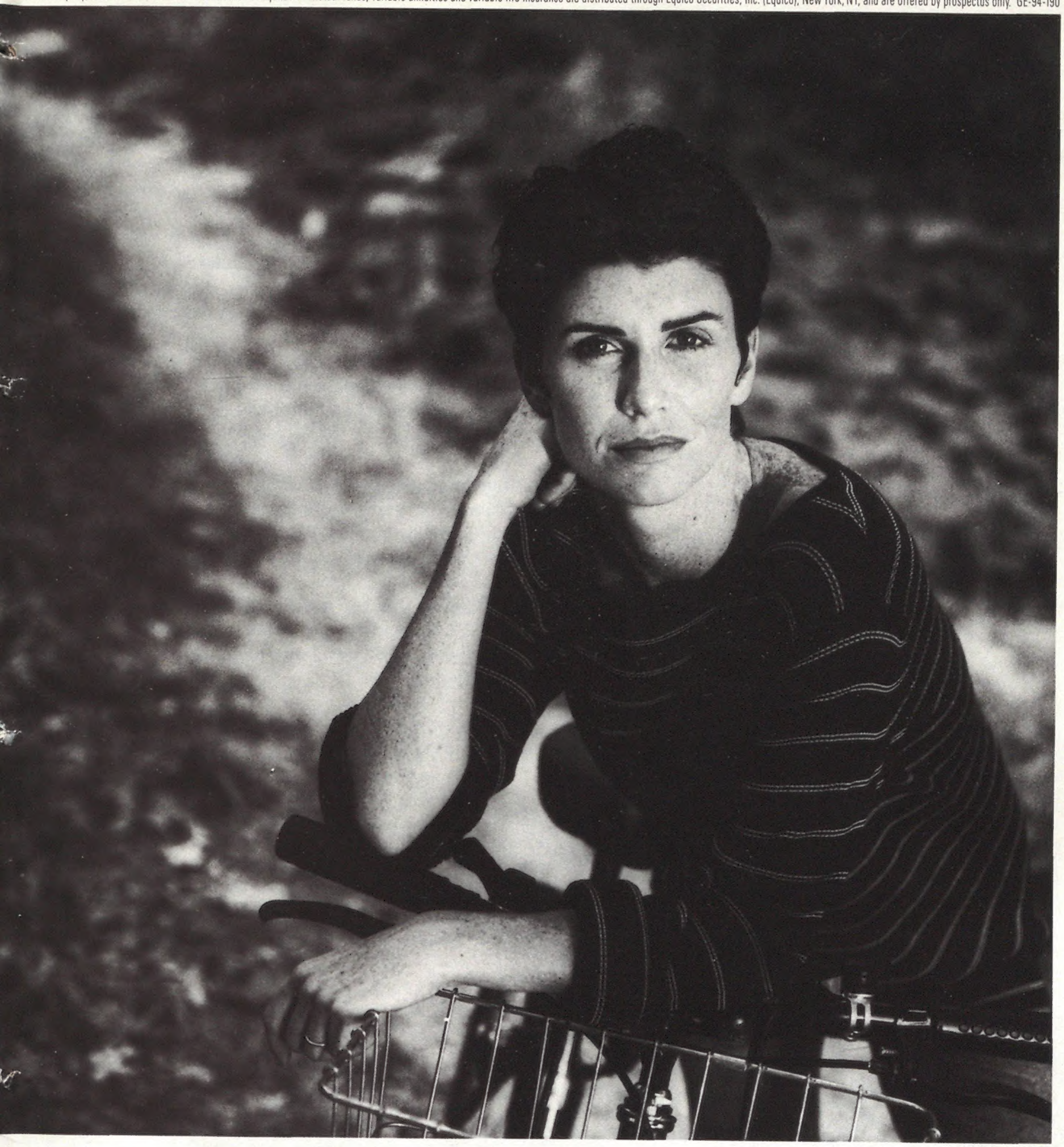

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October 1994

Smithsonian

Volume 25, Number 7

Table of Contents

Cover: On the left, Mosarusmana *tihu* (Buffalo Maiden doll), from the late 19th or early 20th century, wears a fringe of hair over her eyes and, on her head, a symbolic squash blossom with two eagle feathers; cloud and falling rain symbols decorate her dance kilt. Taawakatsina *tihu* (Sun katsina doll), from the late 19th century, carries ears of corn and a pouch of sacred meal. Both will be on display starting October 30, with the opening of the Smithsonian's Heye Center in New York City (p. 40) Photograph by Theo Westenberger

9 *Smithsonian perspectives* by Secretary Heyman
10 *Letters to the Editor*
16 *Secretary Heyman comes to the Mall* by Michael Kernan
20 *The object at hand* by Adele Conover
24 *Around the Mall and beyond* by Edwards Park
28 *October events at the Smithsonian*

40 **For Native peoples, a homecoming in Manhattan**
The Heye Center of the new National Museum of the American Indian opens with a wealth of Native arts
By Joseph Bruchac, photographs by Theo Westenberger

52 **Living under a cloud—and loving it**
A pair of storm chasers on the trail of tornadoes take the author for a wild ride across the Great Plains
By Richard Wolkomir, photographs by Kay Chernush

64 **Fenway: the emerald among baseball's diamonds**
One of the few great ballparks left, the diminutive Boston jewel is a favorite of players and fans alike
By Tom Huntington, photographs by Bill Ballenberg

81 *Smithsonian tours, seminars and expeditions*

82 **Berry Gordy and the magic that was Motown**
In the 1960s he brought black artists into the mainstream with songs we had to sing and music that made us dance
By Marian Smith Holmes

98 **Politicians, photographers and photo ops**
Whether campaigning or in office, elected officials are helped and hindered by the lens, as a new exhibit shows

108 **'I feel as if I might die, if I can't record the image'**
Indeed, Walter Anderson spent his life observing and painting nature, in a half-mad ecstasy of creation
By Bil Gilbert

120 **Bamboo and katydid: their surprising 'inside' story**
Scientists have discovered a bustling ecosystem hidden within the bamboo stalks of a Peruvian rain forest
By Adele Conover, illustrations by Sally J. Bensusen

132 **Making the planet a little less lonely**
The peripatetic Wheelers, Maureen and Tony, have opened up world travel with their Lonely Planet guides
By Jon Krakauer

145 *Book reviews*
152 *Picture credits*
153 *Additional reading*

156 **Forget crackers—what Polly wants is a vacation**
By Daniel Pinkwater

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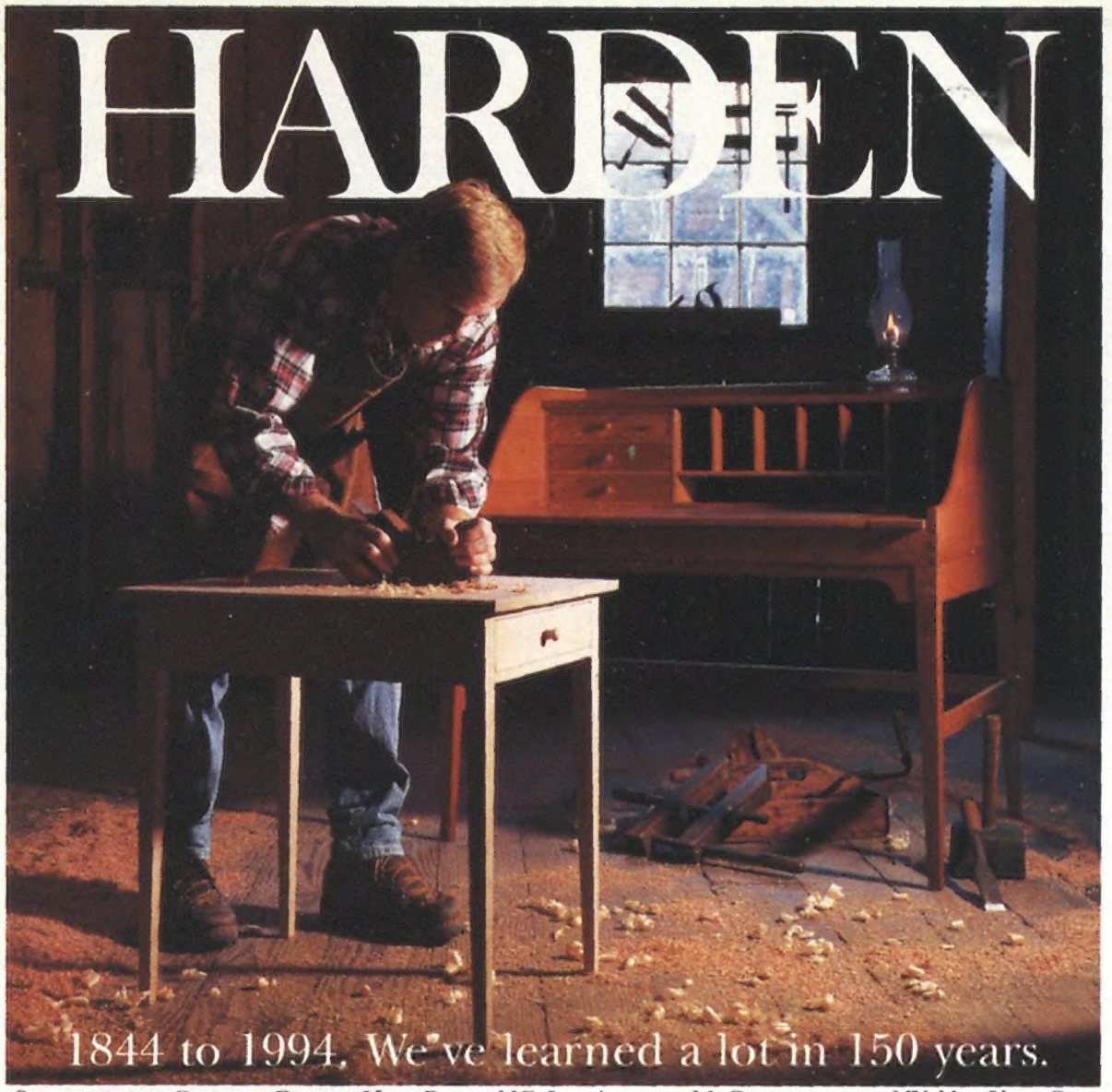

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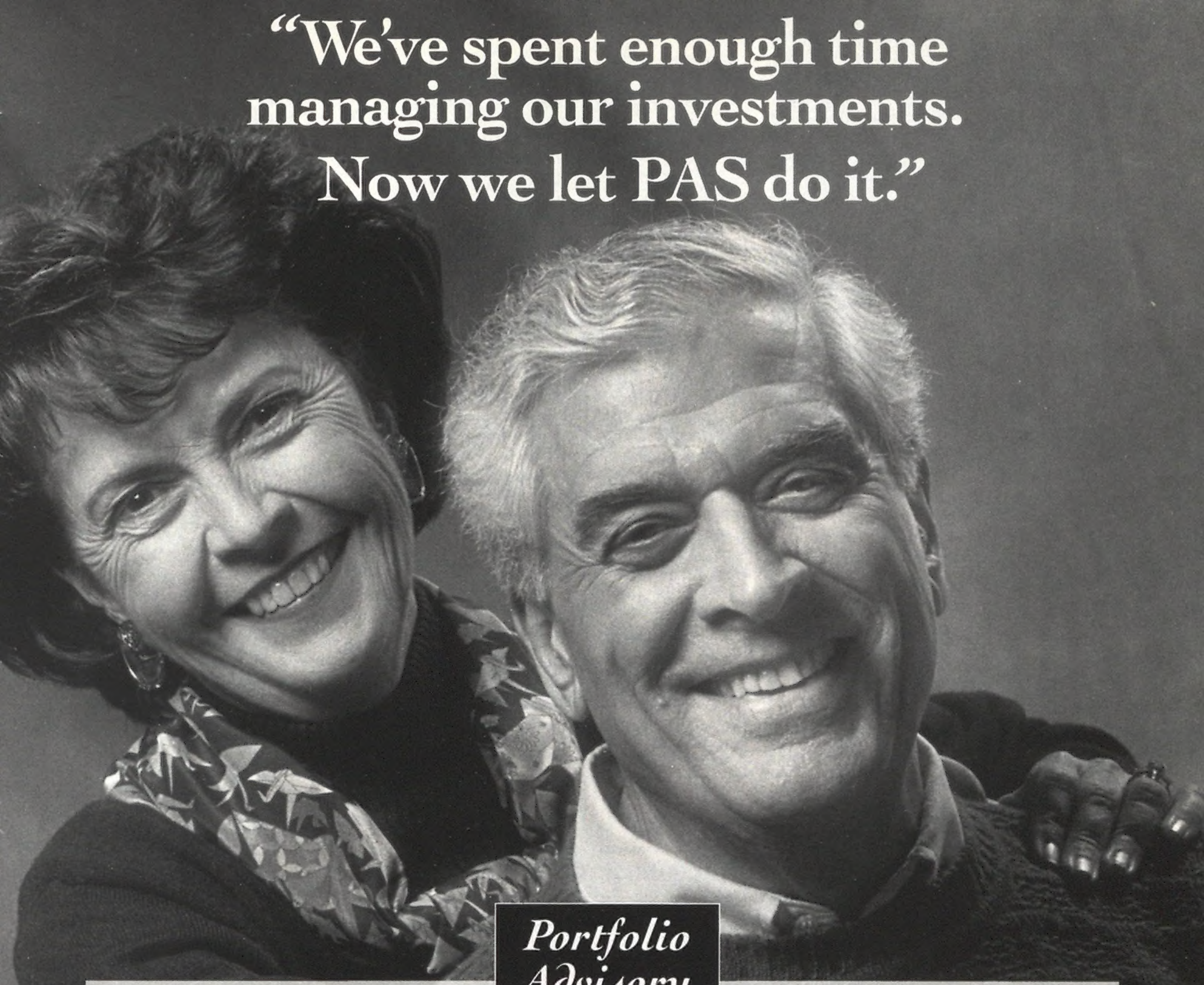

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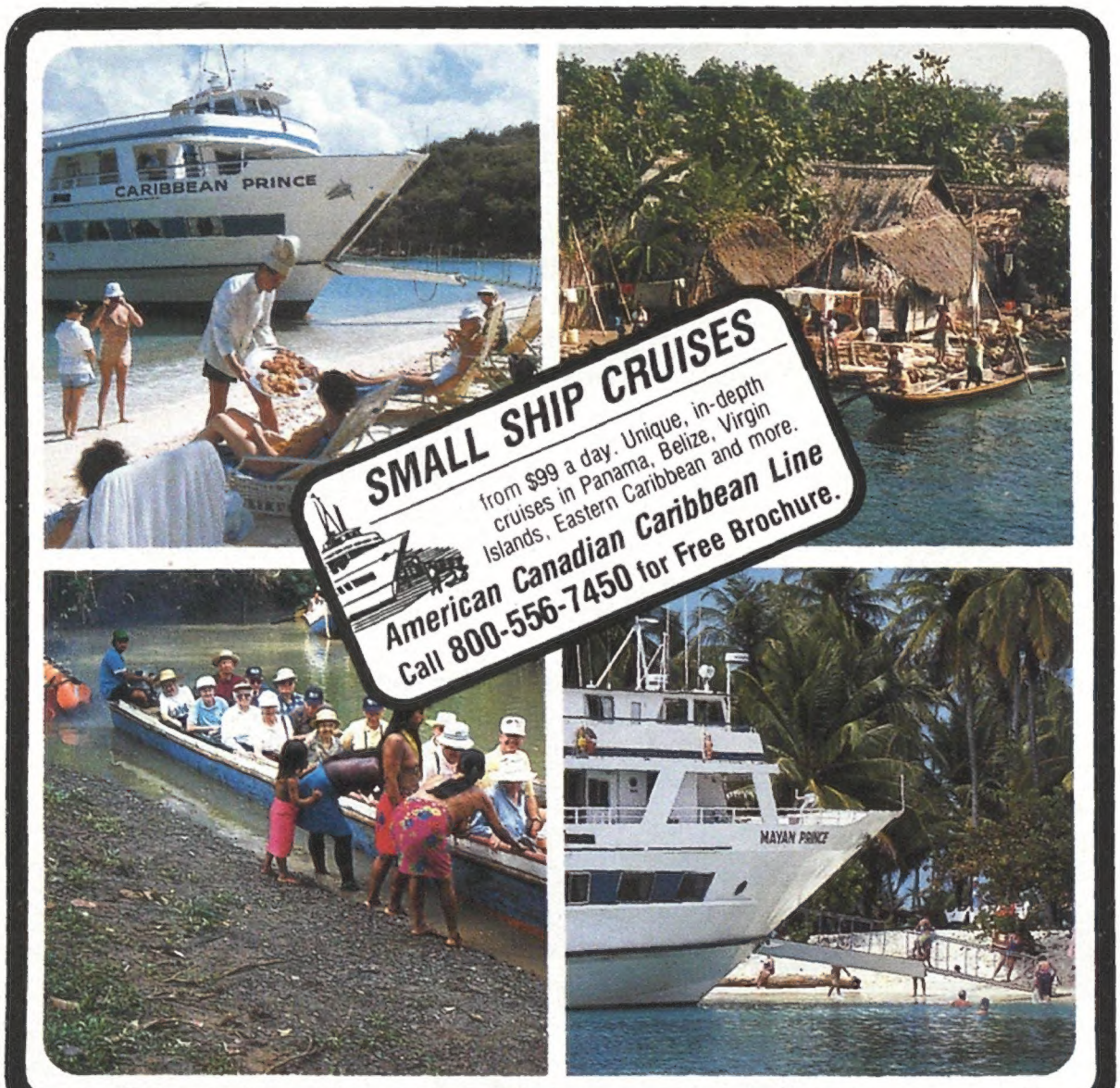
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Secretary Heyman's comments

Smithsonian perspectives

On the Mall, the attention of a new Secretary is commanded by both stellar achievements and controversies

I write this well before my installation as Secretary; such are the necessary deadlines for publications. Three years as a Regent have made me familiar with many aspects of the Smithsonian. But its reality becomes overwhelming as one contemplates the imminent assumption of executive responsibilities.

University administration at Berkeley does prepare one for the Institution's three overarching missions: exhibitions (public education), research, and maintenance of collections. But no person can ever fully comprehend each of the Smithsonian's varied public programs. One tends to focus on those which, because of the success of their presentation or because of issues raised by them, are most apparent.

This summer has been graced by such notable achievements as the Smithsonian's ever-popular Festival of American Folklife and "The Smithsonian's America," a large show of more than 300 objects, which opened in Japan to critical acclaim. And a stellar exhibition was presented by the National Museum of American Art—"Thomas Cole: Landscape Into History." Cole is credited as the founder of landscape painting in the United States—the Hudson River School. The curators of the exhibition had a story to tell about Cole and how his values and philosophy reflected the times and are manifested in his paintings. The theories of the curators, well presented in an accompanying video, the catalog, the labels adjoining each painting, and longer texts on panels easily read by visitors, conveyed information about the 75 paintings that would have been lost to most of us if our sole experience were viewing each canvas.

Controversial issues arise from time to time from equally well-intentioned curatorial interpretations and can be especially testing for a Secretary-elect. Take, for instance, the National Air and Space Museum's planned exhibition on the end of World War II. The exhibition will include a large portion of the *Enola Gay*—the plane that dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima. The curators and designers of the exhibit are seeking to explore the context surrounding the use of the bomb. They thus plan to include photographs and text illustrating the devastation caused by the explosion, as well as photographs and text showing American casualties already suffered in the Pacific theater and those predicted if continued fighting were necessary.

A group of Air Force veterans of World War II object that the planned exhibit wrongly portrays Japan as an innocent victim of the bomb. Many Congressmen have echoed the complaint. One of them threatens to reduce the Smithsonian's appropriation unless the exhibition is substantially altered.

The script for the exhibition has been the basis of consultation with many groups, institutions and experts, and has been altered as insights, suggestions, opinions and objections are registered. It is still open to change, and the museum staff remains sensitive to observations that are being offered.

As the debate has progressed, however, it has become apparent that many objectors want the exhibition to be devoted solely to the justifications for dropping the bomb (with omissions of its effects) or to consist only of the *Enola Gay* and other objects with minimal text or other explanation.

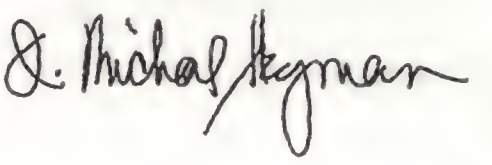
The controversy involves principles of fundamental importance to the Smithsonian. Of great concern is the independence of the Institution from detailed political direction. Many see the Smithsonian as analogous to a public university. They treat this threat to the Smithsonian budget as they would an attempt to dictate the books and curriculum to be taught in university courses. They argue that a strength of America is the relative independence of its scholars from political pressures. My public university background makes me especially sympathetic to this viewpoint.

The second matter of importance involves the museum role of the Smithsonian. Those who argue that we should present our positive accomplishments see us more as propagandists than as educators. Those who would limit the Smithsonian to exhibiting objects without context see us as the managers of the "nation's attic" without any particular educative role.

In my view, it would be foolish to limit the Smithsonian to either of these roles. Over the past decades the Smithsonian Institution has become the centerpiece of national museums of depth and excellence. Like other museums, they have become important educational institutions. To rob them of this function would be to relegate them to relatively arid presentations that would little enhance viewer understanding or learning.

Simultaneously, in my view, it is the responsibility of the curators of the Smithsonian to organize their exhibitions "fairly." Most of our work does not involve controversy. But when controversy is apparent, viewers should be given full opportunity to decide for themselves how to interpret the events portrayed. With freedom from political interference comes the responsibility to present the debate as vividly as possible to allow our visitors to make up their own minds.

It is probable that the controversies of August will look different in October when this column is published. Whether or not this occurs, the readers will have shared this Secretary-elect's view of the job as he prepares to take on its extraordinary responsibilities.



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Letters to the Editor

The 99s

Dear Sir: To augment August's article, in 1921, two years before Amelia Earhart received her license from the National Aeronautic Association, the U.S. chapter of the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, a license was granted to Bessie Coleman, a black manicurist from Chicago. She had to go to France to learn to fly because she was denied instruction in this country.

And the June 1934 cover of *The 99er* pictured Mary Riddle, at the time the only licensed American Indian pilot.

Lee Miller
Boston

Dear Sir: In 1944 I was an aviation cadet at Majors Field in Greenville, Texas. One day a twin-engine B-26 bomber declared an emergency and was given permission to make an immediate landing. After a "hot pilot" approach, the plane made a great landing.

Being allowed to board this complex and demanding aircraft was a rare treat. But what a downer to our male egos to discover that this ship was being ferried by two attractive young WASPs, both about 5 feet 4 and 110 pounds.

We cadets were envious—and a little incredulous that they were obviously so well qualified for the job.
John A. Houston
Rancho California

Dear Sir: David Roberts states flight attendants were "formerly 'stewardesses,' and originally, in 1930, 'hostesses.'"

When Steve Stimson hired the first young women in 1930, they were required to be registered nurses; he called them "stewardesses." In 1935 TWA's first attendants were called "hostesses." I went to United as a "stewardess" in 1935.
Hazel French Whitlock
Charlotte, North Carolina

Missouri Auction School

Dear Sir: As a small child growing up in the Shenandoah Valley, my parents took me to farm auctions. Settled on a big quilt under a tree, I played quietly with my toys while they shopped. On one long ride to a friend's, we held squirming lambs in our laps.

I miss those old country auctions and all they included—a glimpse of someone else's life, a lively community event, home-cooked lunches with lemonade, and the thrill of the fast-talkin' auctioneer. Garage sales can't compare.
Judith Wood
Seattle

Langston Hughes

Dear Sir: Mr. Hughes' remains, interred beneath the floor of the Schomburg Library in Harlem, are perhaps the only interment in any public library in the country.
Marvin H. Scilken
New York City

Bob Marshall

Dear Sir: During some of the time Bob Marshall was in Washington, he lived in my parents' home. Memories of Bob are as tangible as the wilderness areas named for him: tales of hiking 30 miles a day, of his mapping the Brooks Range in Alaska, and many more.

He gave me, in 1938 or 1939, three antique maps, dated 1806, of North America and the Eastern parts of the United States. They still have a prominent place in my study.

I will never forget the morning my father came into my bedroom to tell me Bob had died. He had spent the previous night with us. Thank you for keeping his spirit alive.
Thomas M. Blaisdell
Saratoga, California

Dear Sir: I take exception to Mr. Jackson's claim that Marshall's political skills were rare among early conservationists. Cases in point are John Muir, Gifford Pinchot, Ferdinand V. Hayden, John Wesley Powell, among many others, including two Presidents named Roosevelt.

Almost a decade before Bob Marshall's 1930 article, Aldo Leopold wrote "The Wilderness and Its Place in Forest

"We need to take care of the forest and the things that live here."

"Out here, you understand that the forest is more than just trees. And that caring for the wildlife that lives here is important. To all of us. My company, Georgia-Pacific, believes that. And we're doing something about it. One way

is with a plan we've developed to protect the Red-Cockaded Woodpecker. We're finding nesting sites, then creating safe areas around them. Areas we'll leave undisturbed. Just to make sure the birds will always have a place to live and thrive. That makes me feel good about the work I do. And about the company I work for." Carlton White, Forest Specialist. Georgia-Pacific

Floyd Zopfi of Stratford, Wisconsin, assembled 48 llamas and 4 horses in the world's longest animal hitch. Without the horses, insouciant llamas have been known to lie down rather than parade.

Recreation Policy," leading to the establishment in 1924 of the 547,000-acre Gila Wilderness Area, and then in 1929 to the Forest Service's official preservation policy.
Nelson Van Valen
Belen, New Mexico

Llamas

Dear Sir: Great leaping llamas! Hardly had your issue featuring these amicable camelids poked its nose into my mail slot than I saw a photograph in a Wisconsin paper with 48 (count 'em, 48) llamas hooked up in a series with four horses, pulling a farm implement [above]. It was great to learn these paragons have reached such a peak of popularity, not because they can be made into steaks or cowboy boots (like the ill-fated ostrich) but because of the great things they can *do*: pulling golf carts, packing pâté on high-altitude picnics, producing wool, protecting sheep from old man coyote.

Long may they hum!
Frederic Otto
Minneapolis

Dear Sir: Surely there must be a downside to the animal. It sounds for all the world like a four-legged, woolly Schmoo, Al Capp's bowling-pin-shaped cartoon creature that was all things to all people in the 1960s.
Lin Chapman
Wallingford, Connecticut

Downside? Occasionally. If sexually mature males are not watched carefully in breeding season, they may attempt to breed ewes, which can be fatal to the ewes. And stud llamas have been known to fight, screaming and bashing into one another, with resultant injuries. Ed.

Dear Sir: The Houston Livestock Show and Rodeo holds an annual "Loan a Llama" event, where owners lend their animals to youth from the city to participate in the obstacle course competition. Many of these youngsters have never handled an animal larger than a dog, but the llamas just follow them around the ring as though they had been raised together. Boys & Girls Harbor of La Porte, Texas, a home for neglected children, always has entrants in the youth classes. Fellow residents turn out to cheer them on as they take great pride in training and showing their llamas.
Karen Conyngham
Austin, Texas

The new Peace Corps

Dear Sir: My husband and I were Corps volunteers in Fiji from 1974 to 1976. Most people wondered why we had left modern conveniences for a 1,600-acre sugarcane farm without electricity or running water. Clothes washing was in the creek, teaching was in a thatch-roofed bamboo school with dirt floors. Our answer, as most volunteers': the experience, people and travel, as well as the opportunity to give something back.

Instead of sheep's head and vodka, we had fish heads—with eyeballs—and *yagona*, a fermented ceremonial drink. We, too, were forever changed by our Peace Corps experience. I hope it remains the "toughest job you'll ever love."
Pamela Fried Webster
Macon, Georgia

Dear Sir: Since I retired from business I have been involved with the International Executive Service Corps, as a volunteer executive in Eastern Europe, and as a field associate. Many of the things you wrote about I too have experienced firsthand.

The problems in all these countries will not be solved by sending only financial support. It must be a combination of money and people, with great patience and understanding by all concerned. It will take a real hands-on effort for much longer than most of us can understand.
Thomas W. Campbell
Dallas

Around the Mall

Dear Sir: The Kentucky Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Frankfort is a huge sundial, with a wide stone plaza and a tall stainless-steel gnomon. The name of each Kentuckian killed in Vietnam is inscribed so the tip of the shadow touches his or her name on the anniversary of death. MIA names are inscribed so the shadow does not touch them.
Mary W. Zelle
Hixson, Tennessee

High above the western
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By Michael Kernan

I. Michael Heyman, tenth Secretary of the Smithsonian

Secretary Heyman on the California coast near his home; for ten years he was Chancellor of Berkeley.

Forget about the "nation's attic." Ira Michael Heyman, who became the Institution's tenth Secretary in September, wants to bring the Smithsonian Institution into the nation's living room.

"We've got to make the Smithsonian even more widely known than it is," he says. "I think the big operation in my time will be providing electronic access to our shows."

He is talking about television. Imagine: the Folklife Festival beamed to TV sets across the country and around the world. Millions of Americans instead of mere thousands getting a personal tour of the latest exhibit showing how we live, or slogging across battlefields in the Smithsonian video series *Great Battles of the Civil War* with Edwin Bearss, one of those guides who knows things you will never find in the history books.

Secretary Heyman, the 6-foot-5 former Chancellor of the University of California at Berkeley, is full of projects. Even when he lounges at his ease far back in his chair, pulling at his suspenders and adjusting his trademark bow tie, he radiates energy.

"In a job like this, you've got to have three or four things you want to do, and that's all. I also want to enhance our money-raising operation: at Berkeley we built machinery, which is what the Smithsonian has been doing the last few years. I expect great success here as the machinery matures. A lot of this is just in the organization, in doing things in a systematic way."

He is tremendously proud of his fundraising prowess at Berkeley, where in one decade he brought the private gift total up from $30 million to $100 million. Apparently, Berkeley's reputation as a haven for hell-raisers was no problem. "People saw those wild days as past us—that was an era—and in fact from their perspective it looks like marvelous leadership, things are so much better now."

Heyman's third big project is to have an effect on the overall governance of the Institution, "to make that a little cleaner than it is," and to find out for himself just how Smithsonian research stacks up with the competition in quality and direction.

"We put a lot of money into research," he remarks, "and I don't know personally how good it is. I want to get my own assessment of how good we are."

Which sounds like a considerable undertaking, one that would seem to demand a remarkable gift for overview. His ability to see the big picture is probably what saved the biosciences at Cal. In the 1980s some departments were slipping below the Top Ten, which for a university the size of Berkeley was a catastrophe. Heyman found badly fragmented programs and antiquated facilities for cellular and molecular research. He had new buildings erected, designed deliberately to require that people of varied specialties work and take their coffee breaks together. As a result, the 19 departments became about 6. Today the biosciences programs at Cal are among the best in the country.

People also praise Heyman's overhaul of the physics department, but at this he shrugs and chuckles, "I don't know where the hell that came from." The department, nevertheless, has been revitalized, Cal-watchers say.

But the thing the 64-year-old New York City native is proudest of at Cal, what he considers his most important legacy, is integration. In his ten years there, minority undergraduate enrollment went from 33.9 to 57.9 percent. In the same period minority representation on the faculty rose from 8.8 to 11.5 percent.

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"California is fast becoming a white-minority state," he says. "What pleases me is that the class as a whole was stronger after the ten years: the SAT scores went up at every level, in every quintile. We improved the intellectual quality of the place and at the same time prepared the young people who will soon be running the multiracial state. A very pragmatic view, I must say."

Heyman's views are very much in line with those of his predecessor here, Robert McCormick Adams, who retired on September 19 after ten years as Secretary. Both men believe in promoting cultural diversity in the Smithsonian's programs and its staff. "We're already doing a lot more than people realize," Heyman says. "There's much more sensitivity than there was. It really is a people's museum, a place where people can learn about themselves and about others."

For the past year, as Deputy Assistant Secretary for Policy at the Interior Department, he has been solving problems in an astonishing variety of areas. There is the Endangered Species Act and its applications in Southern California; the review of commonwealth status for Guam; the Hawaiian sovereignty movement; the transfer of the Army's San Francisco Presidio to the National Park Service; property rights issues; and the disposition of hazardous materials on federal lands. He regularly worked 14-hour days with Special Assistant Marc Ebbin, who observes: "He is absolutely spectacular to work with, and I've worked with some really remarkable people. He is a teacher among teachers, a mentor among mentors. And a very human person."

Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt wanted Heyman at his side partly because of his extensive planning background. He became Professor of Law and City and Regional Planning at Berkeley in 1966, and Selvin Professor of Law there in 1990, following his retirement as Chancellor.

As Heyman sees it, "A major reason Babbitt wanted me to come was the Endangered Species Act's regulatory program in Interior. We both felt that, rather than viewing each species separately, we should look at the landscape that is the habitat for a whole lot of species. In a word, land planning. We don't do that very well at Interior. We have good land managers, but few who know about land planning. Babbitt saw that I could help them to see things that way. And a lot of that has occurred."

Perhaps Therese Heyman, the Secretary's high school sweetheart and wife of 43 years, put it most succinctly in an interview a few years ago: "Michael has a tremendous ability to see things quickly and clearly and see the largest picture." Herself an art historian and senior curator on leave from the Oakland Museum, where for 30 years she created and directed the art department's highly respected prints and photographs collection, she has been working for the Smithsonian's National Museum of American Art and plans some projects for the Phillips Collection here. The couple has a son, James, a physicist. Another son, Stephen, died two years ago.

The Heymans are at home in Washington. Since he began working for

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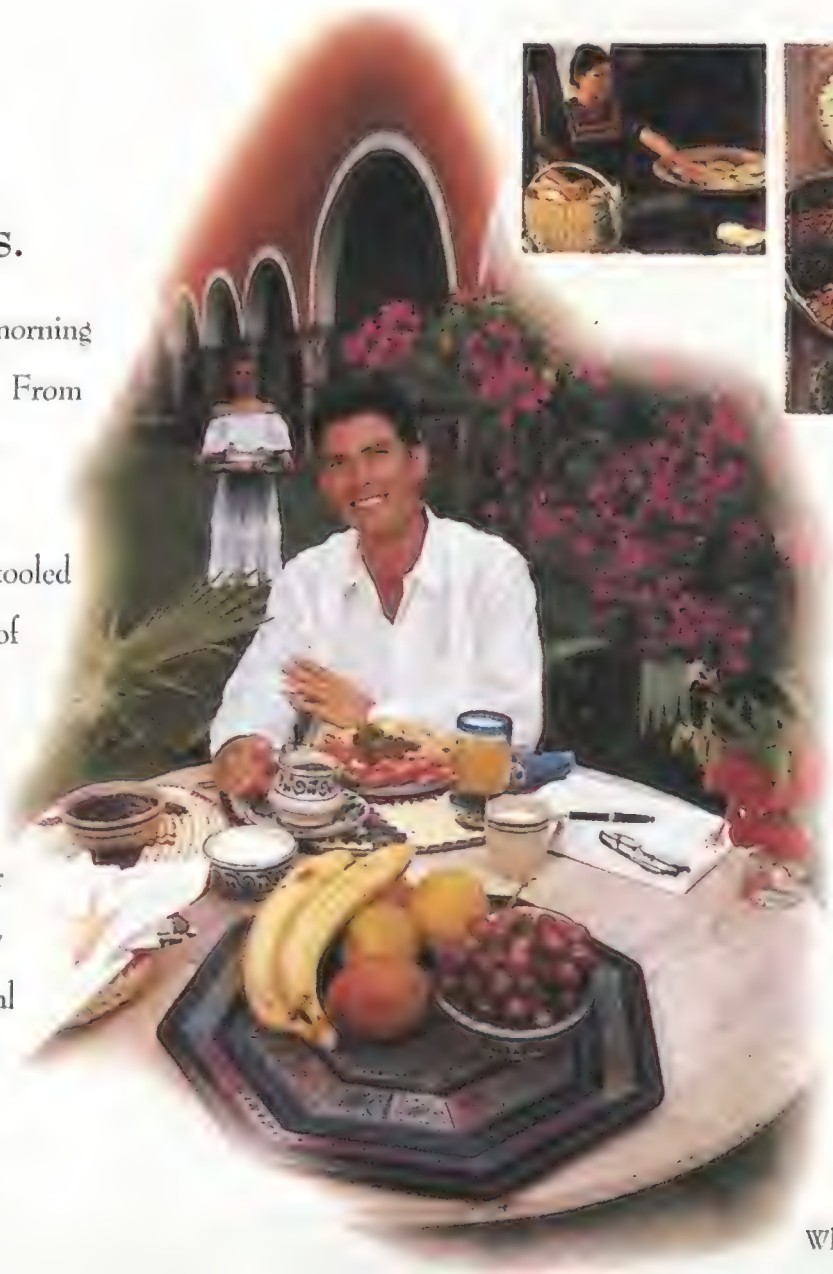

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The Colonial Cities of Mexico.

Where It All Began. Where It All Begins.

Interior they have settled in a house in Woodley Park. The Heymans also lived here when he was chief clerk for Chief Justice Earl Warren in 1958-59. "Therese worked in the Smithsonian's Arts and Industries Building then," he says. "The Smithsonian was a midget at the time, very few buildings. I don't remember seeing it as a kid. But I enjoyed working for Warren. We got along really well. The year before, I clerked in the Second Circuit Court of Appeals, a small court with only six judges and a huge caseload, and I saw a lot of action then too."

Secretary Heyman's father was an insurance broker and former wholesale butcher, his mother a fifth-grade teacher. A bright kid who also loved sports, he qualified for the elite Bronx High School of Science but shifted to a private school where he could play football and basketball. He took his B.A. at Dartmouth in 1951 and his law degree at Yale in 1956, after a stint stateside as a Marine Corps officer during the Korean War. His first job in Washington, while still an undergraduate, was as an intern, and later a legislative assistant, to Senator Irving Ives of New York. The association with Cal started in 1959 (following the service under Warren), when he was named Acting Associate Professor of Law.

People gravitate to Mike Heyman and his big, raucous laugh. Donald Kennedy, former president of Stanford University, the great rival of Cal, calls him "a mensch in chief's clothing." François Mitterrand, president of France, named him to the Legion of Honor, the country's highest award, "just because I treated him so well when he came out to California," Heyman insists. "I don't push that too much." The government of Israel invited him for an extended visit as a Koret Prize recipient ("I didn't realize till later that it was all taxable"), and Bruce Babbitt had this to say about his former counselor:

"Simply put, Mike Heyman is a fantastic guy. He took on some very difficult tasks at Interior and delivered measurable results in each case. Guiding the Smithsonian into the 21st century will be an enormous undertaking, and I have no doubt that Mike is the right person for this challenging job. He's a topflight administrator with a razor-sharp intellect. Besides that, he's got a big heart and lots of soul."

And he loves music. He sings and plays the piano and only regrets that he didn't bring his own to Washington. He is looking forward to the Washington Opera season and notes with glee that he will be an ex officio trustee of the Kennedy Center. He reads thrillers and likes the new crop of women mystery writers and, of course, Richard Conroy's Smithsonian-based mysteries. He plays tennis, strictly doubles, but says he is "not as good as I ought to be."

There is an amusing videotape somewhere of Michael Heyman singing and playing piano to the tune of "My Way" for a spoof at a Cal Faculty Club Christmas party. "I took this crumby job so I could climb another stairway," he sings. "We won the fight, we did it right, we did it their way."

Looks like the Smithsonian is in for a lively time.

Innsbruck is known worldwide as an Olympic wintersports resort, but it is rich in other history as well. In 1363, it became part of the Habsburg empire and the imperial court was soon established there. Massive bronze statues, 28 in all, stand ten feet tall in the Court Church of the Imperial Palace, commemorating generations of the Habsburg dynasty. The footprints of the Habsburgs can be followed through all of *Austria's Imperial Cities* – Innsbruck, Vienna, Salzburg, Graz, Linz and Klagenfurt. And no matter which ones you visit, you're sure to receive a royal welcome. To get you there, Lufthansa offers attractive fares and exciting vacation packages.

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The object at hand

Smithsonian fossils of mammoth-size Rusconi's ground sloth were reassembled to show how the giant likely walked (left) and balanced on its long tail.

Did Columbus sup on the world's last giant sloth? Or are its relatives alive and well and living in Brazil?

They look like two NFL linemen from hell frozen in a moment of action. One stands upright, nearly 15 feet tall, its great arms outstretched, mittlike paws tipped by claws three inches long, poised as if about to intercept a pass. The other crouches on all fours, ready to throw a murderous block. They are the skeletons of two giant ground sloths, some 13,000 years old, displayed in the Ice Age mammals hall of the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History.

In life they weighed three tons. But menacing carnivores they weren't—at least not by the look of their teeth, paleontologists say. Like their much smaller extant relatives the tree sloths, who still peaceably hang about in American tropical rain forests, the big animals were herbivores. Aided by a foot-long tongue to help in gathering, they regularly ground their way through mountains of leaves, grasses and fruit.

Officially known as *Eremotherium rusconii,* or Rusconi's ground sloth, these two were extracted bone by bone and tooth by tooth from a water-swamped quarry in El Hatillo, Panama, 40 years ago by Smithsonian vertebrate paleontologist C. Lewis Gazin. Once reassembled, their skeletal anatomy suggested that the big sloths "sat" on stupendous hindquarters, propped up kangaroo-like by monumental tails. To travel, they probably dropped on all fours with the forefeet awkwardly carrying the weight on the knuckles, the palms and claws turned inward—leaving "backward-looking" tracks—their yard-long rear feet splayed sideways. Says Gazin, "They had no peer among animals of great bulk for grotesque unwieldiness and sluggishness."

Still, fossil evidence shows that the great sloths certainly did get around. After their first recorded appearance, in South America between 25 million and 35 million years ago, ground sloths evolved into three different families, some of which spread north. They went extinct about 10,000 years ago, but no one is sure why. Some argue that the drastic climate change when the Ice Age passed did them in. But others, like University of Arizona paleontologist Paul Martin, theorize that early man may have wiped out most of the giant animals.

Despite their apparent absence from the world for thousands of years, the behemoths keep teasing the human imagination. Sightings of big, slothlike creatures have been reported regularly throughout history. A tale has circulated for centuries that during Columbus' first visit to the Caribbean in 1492, cordial Indians served him what they said was a rare treat—a huge animal that may have been a giant ground sloth. If the story is true, it is possible that he consumed nature's last ground sloth for dinner.

If that sounds fanciful, it should be noted that at least one respectable American scientist still harbors a belief that a giant ground sloth or two may still be clumping around deep in Amazonian jungles. The scientist in question is David Oren, an ornithologist and biodiversity expert at Brazil's Emelio Goeldi Museum of Pará. Oren has spent the past eight years collecting firsthand accounts of the *mapinguari*—Brazil's name for a creature that persistently occurs in Indian legend. The nocturnal mapinguari is a human-size, hairy creature that "sits" or stands upright, has long claws, is sometimes fanged and makes a sound described either as like a man shouting or as like a loud clap of thunder. The beast, known variously in Latin America as the *aò, caruguà, su* or, in Spanish, *diablo del monte* (devil of the woods), is also described as having impenetrable armor. (One sloth group known from fossils does have a kind of armor made of pebble-size bone bits embedded in the skin.)

Giant sloth stories began in 1558 when Father André Thévet, a noted French savant, described the su, an animal reportedly found in Patagonia. Two centuries later, Martin Dobrizhoffer, an Austrian Jesuit ministering to Indians in Paraguay, published a book that included reports of the caruguà and the aò. He claimed to have heard a caruguà himself, a hairy creature, taller than an ape, which went about on its hind feet.

In the woods with Indian guides, Dobrizhoffer was wakened one night by the "noise of boughs breaking, together with a little singing sound resembling a human voice." His excited companions "all exclaimed that the caruguà, the devil

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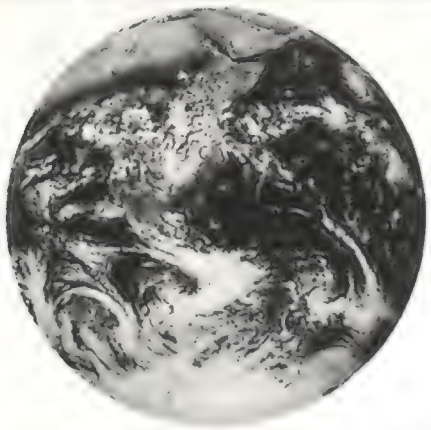
The Wonder of Iron-1



Iron and the Earth

By Hitoshi Takeuchi

Iron is one of the most common elements of the earth and the solar system. The earth's surface is a thin crust about 62 miles thick, and iron is one of its main constituents. Other common elements include oxygen and silicon in rocks, and aluminum.

If the earth is compared to an egg, the yolk would be the earth's core, which is mainly liquid iron. The egg white would be the mantle, and the thin shell would be the crust which supports life. The iron core rotates against the mantle and induces electromagnetism, giving the earth its dipolar magnetic field.

Iron is one of the oldest elements in the universe. It was created by nuclear fusion inside first generation stars at the beginning of the universe, about 15 billion year ago.

The second generation of stars was created by the exploded debris mixing with the considerable amount of hydrogen that was already in space and the resulting nuclear fusion created elements up to bismuth (atomic number 83). The explosion of this second generation of stars created transuranium elements (those elements with an atomic number higher than the 92 of uranium)

Given this explanation for the formation of the elements, the sun is at least a third generation star. If our sun was a first generation star, none of the heavy elements, such as uranium that were scattered in space by the explosion of the first and second generations, would be present in the sun or our solar system. Iron is abundant in the solar system because it was the last element made in the first generation of stars.

Iron appears in the writings of Israel's King David around 1,000 B.C. and in those of Homer around 800 B.C. The iron they wrote about was probably siderite iron. Techniques for producing iron in large quantities were developed in the 1730s when coke was first used as a reducing agent. Foundry technology took another massive step forward with the introduction of the Bessemer Process for steel in the middle of the 19th century and then again with modern steel manufacturing techniques.

About the Author:
Hitoshi Takeuchi, honorary professor of geophysics, University of Tokyo, is currently editor-in-chief of the Japanese science magazine, NEWTON, and has published more than 350 books.

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of the woods, was approaching," but was shortly driven off. At another time, Father Dobrizhoffer wrote, an Indian "killed one of these apes . . . left the carcass but cut off his horrid nails, more formidable than any dagger."

Other early accounts impressed several famous contemporaries, including America's first vertebrate paleontologist, Thomas Jefferson, and Spain's King Charles III. At the end of the 18th century, the king ordered his subjects in Patagonia to capture and send back a live ground sloth. All they could produce was a skeletal fossil collected near Buenos Aires about 1788. It still stands on all fours in the National Museum of Natural Science in Madrid, looking, as Smithsonian paleontologist Clayton Ray reports, like "an upside-down four-poster bed."

In 1796 a friend of Jefferson's sent him the "Bones of a Tremendious Animal of the Clawed kind" dug from a cave in what is now West Virginia. Jefferson called the animal the Great-claw or Megalonyx (now dubbed *Megalonyx jeffersonii*), and he wrote to the American Philosophical Society about the "bones of an animal . . . as preeminent over the lion in size as the Mammoth over the elephant." He also hoped that the Great-claw might still be roaming the West. One of the reasons why the President dispatched Lewis and Clark on their great trek to the Pacific in 1804 was to look for living specimens of this big animal.

By the late 19th century ground sloth relics began turning up regularly. In 1898, Argentine paleontologist Florentino Ameghino received a skin sample with red-gray hair still attached and suggested that it might be from "a living" example of an ancient ground sloth.

Francisco Moreno, of Argentina's Museum of La Plata, took the skin sample to the Royal Zoological Society in London and regaled them with recent reports and chronicles about "the existence of a strange, ugly, huge hairy animal." Impressed, the British Museum's director declared it "quite possible" that a great sloth "still exists in some of the mountainous regions of Patagonia," and promptly sent an expedition to find out. It came back empty-handed, and so have bring-a-sloth-back-alive expeditions ever since.

That fact does not discourage David Oren. After sifting scores of descriptions of the mapinguari—some, he thinks, based on direct human contact

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in the recent past—Oren believes they fit the "characters expected of a relatively small [approximately six feet tall] forest-dwelling mylodontid ground sloth."

Indians today in the rain forest of western Brazil still describe a clawed, red-haired, human-size creature with a scream like a river steamer, extremely tough skin (except around the navel), forefeet "turned backwards," and an extremely bad, sulfurous smell that eyewitnesses say makes them feel "drugged, drunk, lost and disoriented."

Once Oren was led to a supposed mapinguari lair and found himself beset by flying scarab beetles. (Such beetles live in the fur of existing sloths, and their young hatch in sloth dung. Oren contends it is reasonable to extrapolate that ground sloths might be similarly infested.) Later he heard a loud humanlike scream, which the Indians said was made by a mapinguari. He also found curious elephantine "tracks." They sank a full three inches into red soil where Oren (180 pounds, not including backpack) left no trace.

As he sought interviews of Amazonian residents, they often laughed at him. But some claimed they had seen the animal or evidence of it. One rubber-tapper said that in 1969 he shot a mapinguari that terrorized members of his crew. The huge, fanged, monkey-like animal with a thick tail fitted the description of a mapinguari, and it gave off such a sulfurous smell that the hunter had to pull his shirt over his head when he removed the claws. Eventually, the claws were given to a local police chief, but when Oren followed up on the story 25 years later, the police chief was dead; no one remembered what happened to the evidence.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that most of Oren's colleagues view his monograph—titled "Did ground sloths survive to recent times in the Amazon region?"—with some genial dismay. The huge footsteps, the shaggy, manlike figure, the horrible cries, are all-too-familiar tales of the likes of Bigfoot. But, according to the Smithsonian's noted, and hyperskeptical, mammalogist Louise Emmons, at least one observation of the mapinguari by locals lends credence to the tale. That is the description of its food habits. Oren's eyewitness stories are filled with details of the mapinguari twisting off palm trees to get at palm hearts and fruits. "Usually, mythological animals are too busy carrying off the occasional damsel," she says, "for their food habits to be observed."

If the ground sloths still exist, they may resemble extinct kin illustrated here.

And American Museum of Natural History paleontologist Malcolm McKenna points out that "there *are* [still] new large mammal discoveries being made." Since 1937, when the kouprey came to light, 16 large mammals thought extinct or never seen before have been discovered alive and well in remote terrain. Some are very recent: the Chacoan peccary, for instance, found living in 1975, and, in 1993, a new bovid in Vietnam. Oren's Amazonian ground sloth would make a spectacular number 17.

Adele Conover

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Around the Mall and beyond

In Australia a glimpse of the future appears with a new CD-ROM program that helps to identify plant pests

The Australian laboratory building seemed strangely modern, clean and efficient. It had none of that comfortable overcrowdedness I was accustomed to at the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History (NMNH). But these scientists, halfway around the world from the Mall, were the same familiar types, amiable but engrossed, helpful but finding it hard to downshift their minds to a layman's limitations.

At the urging of Tom Lovejoy, the Smithsonian's Assistant Secretary for External Affairs, I was interrupting my Queensland vacation to visit Canberra, Australia's capital, and to call in at one of several locations of the nation's huge, widely admired brain trust, CSIRO. It is so invariably referred to by its acronym (pronounced SIGHROW) that when I tried to check exactly what that stands for, no one was absolutely sure. The consensus was that CSIRO spells out to "Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation." Anyway Tom Lovejoy, having experienced what the Australian scientists here are up to, wanted me to share it with the readers of SMITHSONIAN. Many of CSIRO's diverse programs aim at understanding and explaining to Australians their country's natural history and resources. Now CSIRO is using computer disks, CD-ROMs, to handle this ocean of information.

Nestled in the coastal hills that run through the states of New South Wales and Victoria, Canberra greeted me with bright days but bitter nights, the temperature plunging to zero degrees C. For this was June, near the Southern Hemisphere's "Midwinter Day." However, Ebbe Nielsen, head of CSIRO's Taxonomy and General Biology section, received me warmly, and the technology I was about to explore heated my curiosity.

Research by computer is the way to go, Down Under. Facts about various insects, their names, their habitats, their classifications and descriptions, are being gathered on disks to give users—students, scientists, anyone—quickly available knowledge. Here at long last is an ideal use of computers: to put the learning process at everyone's fingertips. Watching these color monitors, I glimpsed the future, and for once it looked pretty good.

I realize that to almost everyone, CD-ROMs are old stuff. But in case a few readers are as unsavvy as I, a CD is a compact disk. It can be crammed with music by the Beatles, or it can hold many pages' worth of knowledge on, say, beetle larvae. "ROM" stands for "Read Only Memory," which means, my older grandson patiently explains, that you can read the knowledge but not alter it.

My generation readily uses such things, but I think that to us their workings will always remain wondrous. So when CSIRO entomologist John Lawrence sat down at his keyboard with his state-of-the-art interactive disk "Beetle Larvae of the World," I felt a bit like a 15th-century parsnip-grower watching Johann Gutenberg print the Bible.

"Beetle larvae can be damned destructive to crops and can travel around the world easily in any vessel that carries grain. Let's say we need to identify the family and subfamily of a beetle larva that has turned up in a ship's hold," said Lawrence, shoving his disk into the CD-ROM slot. His accent was surprisingly American. As it turns out, he had studied at the University of California at Berkeley and then taught at Harvard.

"These larvae fall into 385 family groups," he continued, "and to track down this specimen, we use an interactive method of whittling away at the possibilities." It sounded easier than it was, for Lawrence attacked the problem as a scientist with foreknowledge. After all, he had "authored" the disk. Now he revealed the menu and selected an option called "Best."

"I'll choose this to save time," he said. "It allows the computer program to pick the best character to use first. It's a bit complicated how the program decides,

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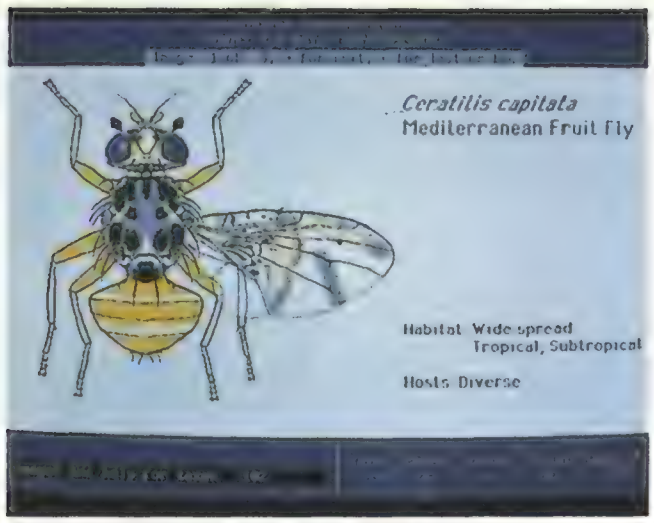

At U.S. ports this CD-ROM image will help inspectors confirm fly's presence.

but let's say the computer selected something like eye color. It chooses this because half of the possible groups to which this larva can belong have blue eyes, and the other half brown, so no matter which answer you give, you'll eliminate half the possibilities."

Eye color seemed pretty straightforward to me, but what appeared next on the screen had me flummoxed. After all, not everyone goes around confidently discussing the "mesal surface of the mandibular base." Fortunately, I had an entomologist nearby; he selected No. 1, which described it as "simple or slightly expanded." Instantly the original 385 groups were cut by more than half, to 146.

Lawrence then explained that if I wanted drawings to help me with my decisions, I had only to press the "Alt" and the "I" keys at the same time, and as he did so, a superb scientific illustration appeared. These illustrations are so numerous and the accompanying text is so plentiful, Lawrence told me, that if printed in regular book form, the result would be a tome of almost 1,000 pages.

As Lawrence continued selecting among sets of options, I couldn't help thinking of the childhood game of Twenty Questions: "Animal, vegetable or mineral?" "Is it bigger than a breadbox?"

In perhaps two minutes, Lawrence was down to two choices; the final identification, the fittest to survive the screening process, was from the family Chrysomelidae and the subfamily Galerucinae. With this information, a cargo inspector now knows that the larva found in the ship's hold is indeed a threat because the Chrysomelidae family is known to feed on plants.

The process had saved possibly a week's delay with the specimen being sent to a lab and the cargo impounded. Time spent isn't the only benefit of this electronic research. The data allow for more than just identification. A student, understandably bewildered by larvae, may browse through the disk at will, learning more about family groupings, where they occur and their behavior, with every click of a key.

An explanatory sheet that Lawrence had handed me points out that the built-in interactive system on this CD-ROM is so sophisticated that it will make allowances for a researcher's normal mistakes, such as a too-hasty description of some feature. The sheet also explains that the process Lawrence used to create this amazing database was based on a standardized identification system called DELTA—"Description Language for Taxonomy" (computer people do love acronyms)—which can be used for translating the taxonomic descriptions into Chinese, Spanish, Greek and other languages. A French version of "Beetle Larvae" is already available.

A more elementary CD-ROM, "Insects, A World of Diversity," also developed at CSIRO, is aimed at students and laymen. It offers a chance to learn about some 300 different insects from 16 major groups. Arguably, the best option gives students the chance to zoom in for a view of features magnified up to 37,000 times. Some pretty frightening images, à la Hollywood horror flicks, come up thanks to shots from an electron microscope. We are taken through a garden to play an identification game. We can actually hear professionally recorded insect sounds on this disk—those chirps and clicks that we all notice in the country. They are explained here, and played in slow time so we can understand the way the "music" is made.

More subjects—a particularly intriguing possibility is rain forests—are under discussion at CSIRO. I was dismayed at the amount of work that must have gone into gathering these databases. "But, you see, the work has always been there anyway," said Nielson, "every time someone wanted the information. Every book that is written requires the same kind of work. So gathering the information all at once was just a job that had to be done. We simply got off our bums and did it."

A quick survey of my Smithsonian friends turned up evidence that they too were off their bums, as it were, and racing headfirst into this age of the computer. The annual report from NMNH says that the museum "has put the information superhighway to work." Now anyone with the right software, anywhere in the world, can search out information from our collections and access reports and newsletters by Smithsonian staff. (For those of you out there who want to try it, our Gopher Server can be reached at nmnhgoph.si.edu port 70.)

This electronic system costs far less than old-fashioned publishing. Also, it gives you the hot news, whereas a published pamphlet may take so long to appear that its data are no longer timely. Since the service became available in October last year, there have been more than 250,000 inquiries; that's an average of 7,000 a week.

Michael O. Moore from the University of Georgia noticed some missing data in one of the Smithsonian's plant specimen files and quickly sent in the information. Another user, Helen Kennedy, a biologist from the University of British Columbia, was thrilled with the new system. She wrote—via the network, of course—"it used to take weeks and thus delay publication. Now it takes seconds to be in looking at the files, a few minutes more to find the information, and voila, confirmation. No paper wasted, no stamps needed and no 'snail mail.'"

Moreover, we too are planning new CD-ROMs: on the wealth of knowledge about the Cambrian explosion that resulted from the discovery of the Burgess Shale fossils, and on the Yanomami Indians of Brazil and Venezuela.

Chris Thompson, a U.S. Department of Agriculture entomologist who works at NMNH, is close to finishing a CD-ROM much like John Lawrence's, to catalogue and identify fruit flies (above). This will save valuable time when fruit imports arrive in the United States and must be checked for the pest. In the past, the necessary research on insects has sometimes taken so long that whole cargoes of produce have rotted.

But Thompson makes it clear that the marvels of electronic identification of insects are just as dependent on the Smithsonian's vast insect collection as was the old, slow publication of information. A CD-ROM would tell us nothing without those 150 years of scientists sweating in the field. They're the ones who have "increased knowledge." The computer, its great eye rippling with facts as its keyboard clicks and beeps, is simply a machine for James Smithson's old word "diffusion."

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Smithsonian highlights

craft collection of George and Dorothy Saxe of Menlo Park, California. See *Highlights continued*, page 36.

National Museum of American Art
Free Within Ourselves: African-American Art from the Museum's Collection (October 28-February 26, 1995) Paintings, sculpture, folk art and photographs by nearly 100 artists, including Sam Gilliam, Jacob Lawrence and James VanDerZee.
Man on Fire: Luis Jiménez (through January 2, 1995) Fiberglass sculptures and related graphic works by the contemporary Mexican-American artist.

National Portrait Gallery
Points of View: Single Subject/Multiple Artists (October 14-February 20, 1995) Portraits of 16 sitters by more than 70 artists, from Alexander Calder to Andy Warhol. Subjects include Igor Stravinsky, Paul Robeson and Albert Einstein.
Art and the Camera, 1900-1940: Pictorialist Photographs from the National Portrait Gallery (through December 11) The work of such photographers as Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, Doris Ullmann, Edward Weston and Karl Struss.

National Air and Space Museum
Aerial Inspirations: Silk Batiks by Mary Edna Fraser (through June 4, 1995) Large-scale silk batiks by this contemporary pilot-artist portray geographic sites throughout the United States.
Where Next, Columbus? The scientific, technological, economic, ethical and political issues involved in future space travel.
Beyond the Limits: Flight Enters the Computer Age Major gallery explores the computer revolution in aerospace.
Destiny In Space (10:45 A.M., 1 P.M., 3:15

Dutch magazine cover (1921) exemplifies modernism in exhibit at Cooper-Hewitt.

Planning a Smithsonian visit?

Receive a special free Associates' Planning Packet. Write Smithsonian Information, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560, or call: (202) 357-2700, daily, 9 A.M.- 4 P.M.; for callers with communication impairments, TTY: (202) 357-1729. *Note:* Parking near Smithsonian museums is limited. The convenient Metrorail subway system has parking available at some stations (details in packet).

Begin your visit at the Smithsonian Information Center's Associates' Reception Desk—open 9 A.M.- 4 P.M. daily—in the Castle. The Court dining room, located in the National Museum of Natural History, offers buffet service daily, 11 A.M.- 3 P.M.

Regular hours resume
Smithsonian museums are now operating on regular hours, 10 A.M. - 5:30 P.M. daily, except December 25. Hours for the Anacostia Museum are 10 A.M. - 5 P.M. daily. Hours at the National Zoo are 9 A.M. - 4:30 P.M. daily for buildings, and 8 A.M. - 6 P.M. for grounds.

National Hispanic Heritage Month

The Smithsonian is celebrating National Hispanic Heritage Month through October 15 with a variety of programs and activities. For information, call: (202) 357-2700, 9 A.M.- 4 P.M., daily. For 24-hour recording, call: (202) 357-4577 (English) or (202) 633-9126 (Spanish).

Special October exhibits, events

Renwick Gallery
Contemporary Crafts and the Saxe Collection (October 28-February 5, 1995) Studio

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Brewster — Yankee Craftsmen
Burlington — William Andrews
Chicopee — Hannoush Jewelers
Hyannis — The Crystal Pineapple
Kingston — Cheerio's Gifts & Collectibles
North Attleboro — Cheerio's Gifts & Collectibles
Springfield — Lorilil Jewelers
West Boylston — A Basket Case

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Gilford — Pepi Herrmann Crystal

NEW YORK
Albany — Macy's; Pearl Grant Richman's
Amherst — Jenss
Babylon — McCrystal's Crystals and Collectibles
Bayshore — Tiny Treasures Ltd.
Brooklyn — Crawford's; Il Telaio; Stardust
Buffalo — Andrew's Collectibles
Carle Place — Country Glen China
Clifton Park — Wit's End Giftique
Commack — Consumer Corner Giftware
E. Patchogue — Patchogue Floral
Fishkill — Country Gallery
Franklin Square — Precious Gift Gallery
Garden City — Macy's; Stardust Gifts
Hicksville — Stardust Gifts
Huntington Station — Presents of Mind
Latham — Daydreams
Levittown — Precious Gift Gallery
Massapequa — Pagoda Imports; Premio Gifts
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Nesconset — Hempstead China
New Rochelle — Leonard Talner Jewelers
New York City — Anand India Shop; Macy's; W. Kodak Jewelers
Newburgh — Classic Fine Gifts & Collectibles
Peekskill — Crompond Country Store
Poughkeepsie — Collectibles Ltd.
Rochester — The Curiosity Shop; Lock, Stock & Barrel Gifts
Rockville Centre — Imperial China
St. James — The Plate Cottage
Scarsdale — Roadside China
Skaneateles — Skaneateles Jewelry
Staten Island — Island Treasures; Stardust Gifts
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"I'm going to the bathroom more than ever. I wonder what's wrong with me."

Your urinary symptoms may be caused by a condition called benign prostate enlargement or BPH.

Is this you?	Yes	No
Do you get up more than once or twice a night to urinate?	☐	☐
Do you often have sudden, uncontrollable urges to urinate?	☐	☐
Do you have a hesitant or slow urine stream?	☐	☐
Do you have a frequent need to urinate?	☐	☐

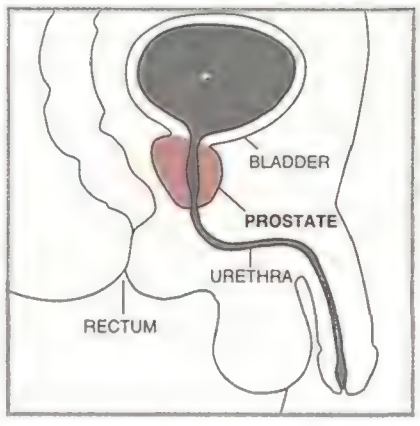
If you answered yes to even one question, tell your doctor.

BPH is not cancer and does not lead to cancer, although the two conditions can exist at the same time. Remember, only a doctor can evaluate your symptoms and their possible causes.

Today, symptomatic BPH can be treated by your doctor in several ways. The options are monitoring the condition with regular checkups, surgery, or oral medicines. One oral medicine is PROSCAR® (Finasteride), the only prescription medicine for the treatment of symptomatic BPH that can shrink the prostate.

PROSCAR works by blocking a hormone that can cause the prostate to enlarge. *But it is important to know: PROSCAR doesn't work for everyone. Although the prostate may shrink, there may not be an improvement in urinary symptoms. However, in clinical studies with PROSCAR, some men have seen an improvement in their urinary symptoms after 2 weeks. Others have found that PROSCAR took up to several months to help them.* Because all men are different, you and your doctor will need to determine how PROSCAR is working for you.

If you have any urinary symptoms, see your family doctor or a urologist soon, and ask about PROSCAR. For free information to help you discuss your symptoms with your doctor, call 1-800-579-3745.



The prostate surrounds part of the urethra, the tube that carries urine from the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it can squeeze the urethra and cause urinary problems.

For the treatment of symptomatic BPH

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Please see patient information on the next page.

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PATIENT INFORMATION ABOUT
PROSCAR® (Prahs-car)
Generic name: finasteride (fin-AS-tur-eyed)

PROSCAR is for the treatment of symptomatic benign prostatic hyperplasia and for use by men only.

Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR if you have a medical condition called benign prostatic hyperplasia or BPH. This occurs only in men.

Please read this information, as well as the leaflet which accompanies your medication, before you start taking PROSCAR. Also, read the leaflet each time you renew your prescription, just in case anything has changed. Remember, this leaflet does not take the place of careful discussions with your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss PROSCAR when you start taking your medication and at regular checkups.

What is BPH?
BPH is an enlargement of the prostate gland. After age 50, most men develop enlarged prostates. The prostate is located below the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it may slowly restrict the flow of urine. This can lead to symptoms such as:

- a weak or interrupted urinary stream
- a feeling that you cannot empty your bladder completely
- a feeling of delay or hesitation when you start to urinate
- a need to urinate often, especially at night
- a feeling that you must urinate right away.

Treatment options for BPH
There are three main treatment options for BPH:

- **Program of monitoring or "Watchful Waiting".** If a man has an enlarged prostate gland and no symptoms or if his symptoms do not bother him, he and his doctor may decide on a program of monitoring which would include regular checkups, instead of medication or surgery.
- **Medication.** Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR for BPH. See **"What PROSCAR does"** below.
- **Surgery.** Some patients may need surgery. Your doctor can describe several different surgical procedures for BPH. Which procedure is best depends on your symptoms and medical condition.

What PROSCAR does
PROSCAR lowers levels of a key hormone called DHT (dihydrotestosterone), which is a major cause of prostate growth. Lowering DHT leads to shrinkage of the enlarged prostate gland in most men. This can lead to gradual improvement in urine flow and symptoms over the next several months. However, since each case of BPH is different, you should know that:

- Even though the prostate shrinks, you may NOT see an improvement in urine flow or symptoms.
- You may need to take PROSCAR for six (6) months or more to see whether it helps you.
- Even though you take PROSCAR and it may help you, it is not known whether PROSCAR reduces the need for surgery.

What you need to know while taking PROSCAR
- **You must see your doctor regularly.** While taking PROSCAR, you must have regular checkups. Follow your doctor's advice about when to have these checkups.
- **About side effects.** Like all prescription drugs, PROSCAR may cause side effects. Side effects due to PROSCAR may include impotence (or inability to have an erection) and less desire for sex. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 4% of patients in clinical studies. In some cases side effects went away while the patient continued to take PROSCAR.

  Some men taking PROSCAR may have a decrease in the amount of semen released during sex. This decrease does not appear to interfere with normal sexual function. Rarely, some men have reported breast swelling and/or tenderness or allergic reactions such as lip swelling and rash.

You should discuss side effects with your doctor before taking PROSCAR® (Finasteride) and anytime you think you are having a side effect.

- **Checking for prostate cancer.** Your doctor has prescribed PROSCAR for symptomatic BPH and not for cancer—but a man can have BPH and prostate cancer at the same time. Doctors usually recommend that men be checked for prostate cancer once a year when they turn 50 (or 40 if a family member has had prostate cancer). These checks should continue while you take PROSCAR. PROSCAR is not a treatment for prostate cancer.
- **About prostate specific antigen (PSA).** Your doctor may have done a blood test called PSA. PROSCAR can alter PSA values. For more information, talk to your doctor.
- **A warning about PROSCAR and pregnancy.**

  PROSCAR is for use by MEN only.

  PROSCAR is generally well tolerated in men. However, women who are pregnant, or women who could become pregnant, should avoid the active ingredient in PROSCAR.

  If the active ingredient is absorbed by a woman who is pregnant with a male baby, it may cause the male baby to be born with abnormalities of the sex organs. Therefore, any woman who is pregnant or who could become pregnant must not come into direct contact with the active ingredient in PROSCAR.

Two of the ways in which a woman might absorb the active ingredient in PROSCAR are:

Sexual contact. Your semen may contain a small amount of the active ingredient of the drug. If your partner is pregnant, or if you and your partner decide to have a baby, you must stop taking PROSCAR and talk to your doctor. If your partner could become pregnant, proper use of a condom can reduce the risk of exposing her to your semen (discuss this further with your doctor).

Handling broken tablets. Women who are pregnant or who could become pregnant must not handle broken tablets of PROSCAR.

PROSCAR tablets are coated to prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling. If this coating is broken, the tablets should not be handled by women who are pregnant or who could become pregnant.

If a woman who is pregnant comes into contact with the active ingredient in PROSCAR, a doctor should be consulted. Remember, these warnings apply only if the woman exposed to PROSCAR is pregnant or could become pregnant.

How to take PROSCAR
Follow your doctor's advice about how to take PROSCAR. You must take it every day. You may take it with or between meals. To avoid forgetting to take PROSCAR, it may be helpful to take it the same time every day.

Do not share PROSCAR with anyone else; it was prescribed only for you.

Keep PROSCAR and all medicines out of the reach of children.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT 'PROSCAR' AND BPH, TALK WITH YOUR DOCTOR. IN ADDITION, TALK TO YOUR PHARMACIST OR OTHER HEALTH CARE PROVIDER.

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P.M., 5:25 P.M. daily) This new Imax film tells the story of human and robotic space exploration.

National Museum of Natural History
Sacred Mountains of the World (October 7-September 5, 1995) Photographs of mountains inspirational in the quest for the preservation of wilderness.
Spiders! (through January 2, 1995) A revealing look at these eight-legged master builders—live and mounted specimens, games, videos, photographs, interactive displays, prose, poetry and spider myths.
From Crystal Gardens (runs indefinitely) Twenty of the most spectacular specimens in the museum's mineral collections.

National Zoological Park
What's New at the Zoo? An engaging new generation of animals has taken up residence at the Zoo. Look for Kumari, an elephant calf born in December, Kigali, a 4-month-old gorilla, four infant Komodo dragons, and a brand-new blesbok.

National Museum of American History
Images of Steel (October 14-January 16, 1995) Changing perceptions of the steel industry in images by such photographers as Russell Aikens and Lewis Hine.
Balloons: The First Decade of Flight, 1783-1793 (through March 31, 1995) Books and objects drawn from the collections of the Smithsonian Institution Libraries tell the story of the impact balloon travel made on pioneers of flight in France and the United States.
Home Care Becomes a Profession: Public Health Nursing, 1885-1993 (through January 2, 1995) Images document achievements and functions of visiting nurses associations and their evolution into public health nursing.
The Segesser Hide Paintings: Early Images of Cultural Conflict in North America (through October 30) Mural-size 18th-century buffalo-hide paintings are two of the earliest-known depictions of conflicts involving North American Indians and Europeans.
Science in American Life Discoveries in science over 125 years with a re-creation of an 1876 chemical lab at Johns Hopkins University, a model of an atomic chain-reaction and a hands-on science center.

National Postal Museum
The Smithsonian's newest museum, located next to Union Station on Capitol Hill.
Philatelic Rarities (opens October 24) From the museum's collections: original stamp sketches by President Franklin D. Roosevelt and an exceptional 18th-century Bristol packet boat cover.
Gems of Hawaii: The Persis Collection of Hawaiian Stamps (through October 16) Rare stamps and covers illustrate the history of the Hawaiian Kingdom.

Hirshhorn Museum & Sculpture Garden
Directions—Jeanne Dunning (through November 2) Color photographs and two video installations by the Chicago-based contemporary artist, noted for her ambiguous, unsettling images.

Freer Gallery of Art
Beyond Paper: Chinese Calligraphy on Objects (through April 16, 1995) Clay, lacquer, metal, jade, bamboo, silk, wood and horn objects date from the 7th to the 19th century.
Masterpieces of Chinese Calligraphy (through February 20, 1995) The works of more than 30 calligraphers represent all four major scripts and the four primary formats. Many of the objects date from the Ming dynasty (1368-1644).
Ancient Egyptian Glass (runs indefinitely)

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Arthur M. Sackler Gallery
Landscape as Culture: Photographs by Lois Conner (through May 29, 1995) Large-format platinum prints by the contemporary American-born photographer record "portraits" of the landscape and architecture of China and South Asia.
Metalwork and Ceramics from Ancient Iran (runs indefinitely) Artifacts created in western Iran from 2300 to 100 B.C.
Sculpture of South and Southeast Asia (runs indefinitely) Works from Cambodia, India, Pakistan and Tibet represent the three major religions of South and Southeast Asia—Buddhism, Hinduism and Jainism.

National Museum of African Art
Beaded Splendor (through October 9) Show explores how beads have been incorporated into African dress and regalia to create beautiful works of art.
The Art of the Personal Object Permanent installation examines the forms and functions of utilitarian objects from Africa—bowls, headrests, pipes, stools.
Purpose and Perfection: Pottery as a Woman's Art in Central Africa Permanent exhibition features the museum's Central African pottery collection.

Anacostia Museum
The Art of Dennis Mario Rivera (through November 6) Works by the Puerto Rican painter, printmaker and photographer focus on his homeland, the Caribbean, and its black heritage.
Black Mosaic: Community, Race and Ethnicity among Black Immigrants in Washington, D.C. (through August 7, 1995) Oral histories, art, photographs, other materials, reveal cultural diversity.

Arts and Industries Building
Imagining Families: Images and Voices (through February 1995) Inaugural exhibition of the National African American Museum Project presents the work of 15 American photobiographer-artists speaking from diverse cultural perspectives about race, class and gender.

S. Dillon Ripley Center, Concourse and Rotunda Gallery
Sculptures from the Flames: Ceramics by Gustav and Ulla Kraitz (through November 27) Swedish ceramic figurative and abstract sculptures fired in a kiln based on ancient Chinese models are noted for their geometric purity.

Two-handled jar is featured in Freer Gallery's "Ancient Egyptian Glass" exhibit.

Heye Center, National Museum of the American Indian (New York) Three inaugural exhibitions open October 30. See page 40.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum (New York)
Good Offices and Beyond: The Evolution of the Workplace (October 4-February 26, 1995) The change in traditional office design wrought by such new technologies as the desktop computer.
The Structure of Style: Modernism in Dutch Applied Arts 1880-1930 (through February 19, 1995) Decorative and applied arts—ceramics, glass, metalwork, furniture, graphics, textiles.

Exhibition catalogs

Catalogs available currently include:
Contemporary Crafts and the Saxe Collection ($35, paper)
Sacred Mountains of the World ($50/$25 paper)
Imagining Families ($15 paper)
To order, send check or money order to Smithsonian Museum Shops, 8308 Cinder Bed Road, Newington, Virginia 22122. Include 15 percent of purchase to cover postage, handling (minimum, $1.75).

Radio Smithsonian

Folk Masters The award-winning radio series of traditional American music, hosted by Nick Spitzer, begins its new season on public radio nationwide with programs featuring the folk violin, Cajun and country dance hall, gospel, and American Indian music. Check local listings. For a free copy of the companion *Listener's Guide*, write: Office of Telecommunications, Smithsonian Institution, National Museum of American History, MRC 645, Washington, D.C. 20560.

National Associate Program

The Smithsonian Associates, U.S. and International Events brings programs to San Francisco and Los Angeles, California, this month. The San Francisco program (October 5-9) features lectures on contemporary Latin art and the Solar System. In Los Angeles (October 11-16) highlights include a storytelling workshop, a gospel music concert and a lecture on America's multicultural society.

Associates in these areas will receive invitational brochures; Contributing Members in these cities will receive complimentary tickets to a selected lecture. For information, contact: U.S. and International Events, 490 L'Enfant Plaza, S.W., Suite 4210, Washington, D.C. 20560; (202) 287-3210.

Resident Associate Program

To become a Resident Associate, or for fee and ticket information, call (202) 357-3030. October events include:
South Africa: After the Elections . . . Now What? (October 10; 7:30 P.M., October 17, 24, 31; 7 P.M.) African American Studies Issues forum features Archbishop Desmond Tutu, South African Ambassador H. H. Schwarz and George Moose, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs.
Irene Worth (October 23; 7 P.M.) The distinguished actress presents her "Portrait of Edith Wharton."

Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service

SITES organizes and circulates exhibitions to cities throughout the United States and abroad. To sponsor a show in your community, write SITES, Smithsonian, Washington, D.C. 20560. Here are some October exhibits:
• Detroit, Michigan (October 8-December 18) *Beyond Category: The Musical Genius of Duke Ellington*, Museum of African American History.
• Fullerton, California (October 1-November 13) *Major League/Minor League: America's Baseball Stadiums by Jim Dow*, San Diego Natural History Museum.

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The refined art of studio crafts

The National Museum of American Art's Renwick Gallery features a collection of handcrafted objects

Blown glass *Petroglyph Vessel* (above) by William Morris (1989). Fused glass-rod sculpture (right) by Klaus Moje (1989).

Californians Dorothy and George Saxe began collecting contemporary studio crafts in 1980. Over the past 13 years they have acquired more than 600 works in a variety of media. Focusing first on glass of the late 1970s and '80s, later on ceramics, and more recently on fiber, furniture, turned wood, metal and jewelry, the Menlo Park couple purchased current work by both recognized and lesser-known artists. Their acquisitions have filled three apartments, and a gift of some 60 objects from their collection now graces the Toledo Museum of Art. According to Davira S. Taragin, curator of 19th- and 20th-century glass at Toledo, the Saxes have "emerged as leading collectors of the studio craft movement."

A diverse offering drawn from their extensive holdings is currently on display at the National Museum of American Art's Renwick Gallery. Organized by the Toledo Museum of Art and sponsored by Philip Morris Companies Inc., "Contemporary Crafts and the Saxe Collection" runs through February 5, 1995. The exhibition showcases 122 objects in glass, clay, fiber, metal and wood, primarily from the 1980s, and explores the dramatic flourishing of art patronage in America during that decade. Works by 98 artists, including seminal pieces by such international figures as Dale Chihuly, Dan Dailey, Jack Earl, Diane Itter and Peter Voulkos, range from playful figurative sculptures to elegantly rendered vessel forms to compelling abstractions.

"Guided by their love for the objects," says Taragin, the Saxes "have made their goals the encouragement and promotion of the crafts and the acceptance of handcrafted objects within the mainstream of American art. Their example may be a factor that will ultimately help convince more major art museums to take seriously the studio craft movement."

Diane M. Bolz

Billy Al Bengston used red oak, rosewood, walnut and Formica for *Kane Variation #20*.

Glazed earthenware vessel is from Andrea Gill's "Fish Box" series.

Glazed stoneware sculpture (above) is by Rudy Autio. *Bandana Split #3* (left) is of linen, from Diane Itter.

The story has changed somewhat

over the years as older generations of the family tell it to newer ones. But somehow no one ever gets too tired to tell it, or too bored to listen. In the end, it isn't so much that we're in the story; but that the story is in us.

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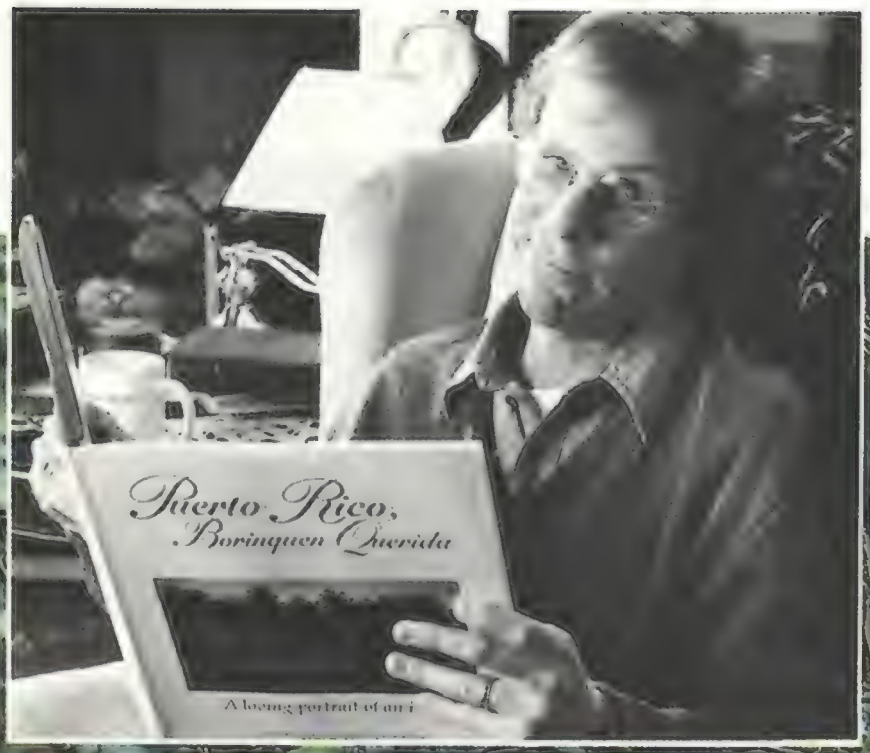

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By Joseph Bruchac

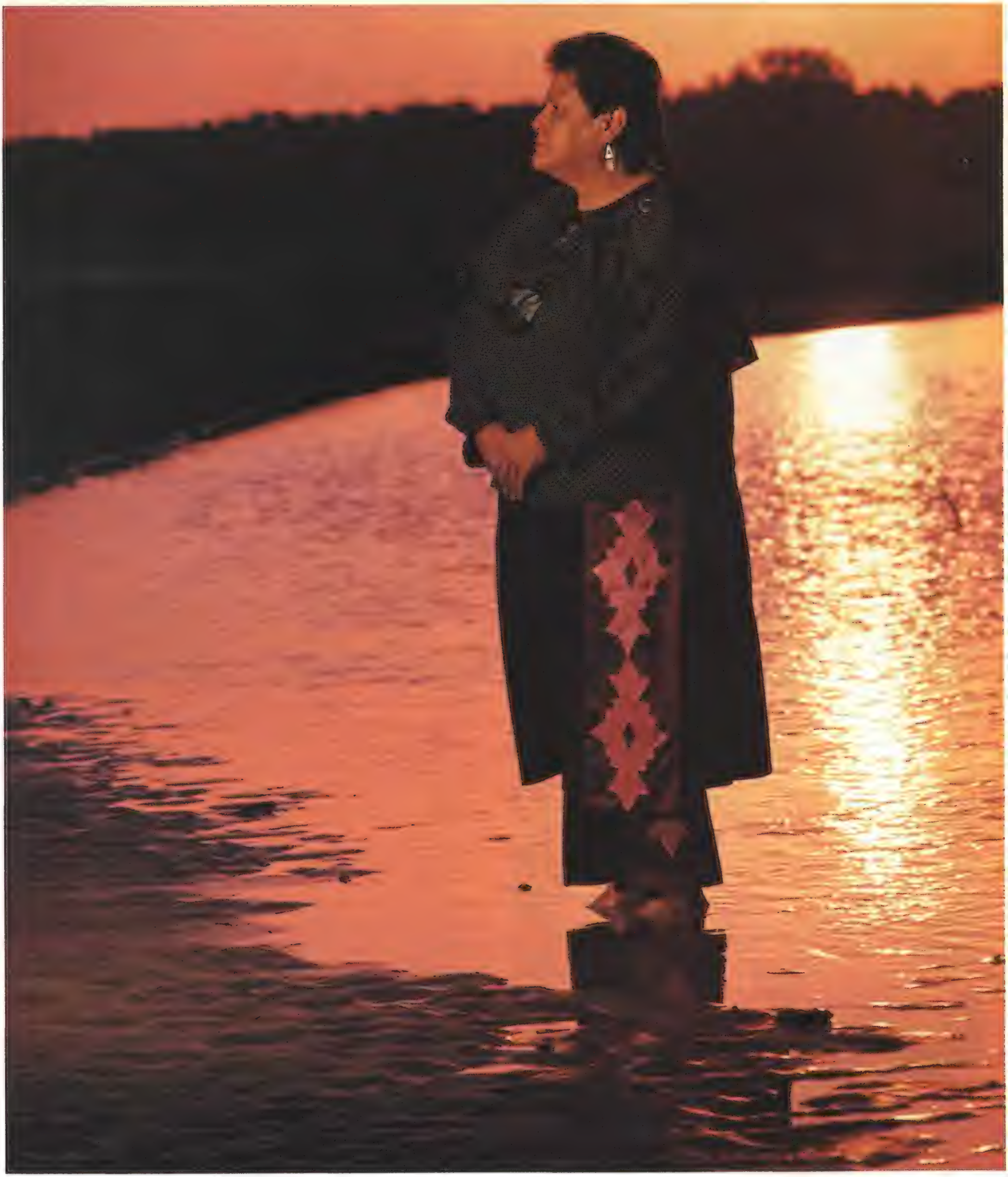
The Heye Center opens in Manhattan with three exhibitions of Native arts

It is the first of three facilities that are planned for the Smithsonian's new National Museum of the American Indian

Cradleboards made by the Kiowa (left) and Arapaho (right) are among the NMAI's million-plus objects.

"It all comes back to the grandfathers, the people who were here at the beginning." Thus Linda Poolaw answered when asked what words came to her when she thought of New York City, the site of the George Gustav Heye Center of the Smithsonian's National Museum of the American Indian (NMAI). The Lenape (Delaware) ancestors of Poolaw, who is the current Grand Chief of the Delaware Grand Council of North America, were living on Manhattan Island (they called the tip of lower Manhattan hay-la-py-ee chen-quay-hee-laas, "the place where the sun is born") when the first Europeans arrived. So, for her, the opening of the Heye Center on the 30th of this month represents the start of a return, the partial reconnection of a circle that was broken. As one of the selectors of the Native works of art being shown in the opening, Linda Poolaw is making her own personal contribution to reconnecting that circle.

There are good reasons why the opening of the Heye Center may be seen as representing a kind of homecoming. For many years, many generations, the Native peoples of North America have seen parts of their cultures—material, intellectual, and even spiritual—taken from them. Taken as gifts or by purchase, borrowed or stolen, the material objects, valued for their beauty or their uniqueness, have long added to the richness of what we now know as contemporary American culture and to the diversity of museums and private collections all over the world. But seldom has there been the kind of acknowledgment that Native peoples deserve, an acknowledgment not only of the intellectual and spiritual depth of their many cultures, but also of the continuance of those cultures into the present day. Seldom, too, has there been full involvement of Native peoples in the



For Delaware Nation council chief Linda Poolaw, the opening of the Heye Center reconnects a broken circle: her ancestors once lived on Manhattan Island. She chose works for inclusion in one of the inaugural shows.

Photographs by Theo Westenberger

Baskets from the Apache, Seminole, Choctaw, Catawba, Kootenai and many other peoples fill shelves in the old Heye storage areas; eventually, they will move to NMAI's planned Cultural Resources Center in Maryland.

interpretation and presentation of their cultures in the worlds of art and museums. And rarely has there been a giving back to Native peoples themselves.

The Heye Center is the first of three state-of-the-art NMAI sites to be built around a collection brought together between 1903 and 1954 by George Gustav Heye, probably the most intensely driven and acquisitive collector of the material artifacts of Native culture who has ever lived. When Heye, an independently wealthy New York banker, descended upon a Native community, he bought everything in sight, sending boxcars full of artifacts back to New York. Contemporary Native people, whose parents remember his visits, have said, "If he left us with our underclothes we were lucky!" Heye—a man of whom my own Abenaki people might have used the phrase *gedacowaldam mziwi*, "He wants it all"—collected so extensively that almost every aspect of the material culture of countless Native communities is represented in the museum's holdings. Over the years, he supplemented his own collecting trips by sending out scholars to collect, and by sponsoring archaeological digs and ethnographic studies.

Recently I wandered through the old Heye museum's storage rooms, where floor-to-ceiling shelves held countless priceless objects. One room contained Mimbres pots from the Southwest, which have inspired a new generation of Pueblo potters. Another room sheltered hundreds of beaded moccasins, while yet another held one of the largest collections of buffalo robes in the world. As a resource for students of Native art, the NMAI offers objects that have been studied worldwide and reproduced innumerable times, as well as equally significant works that have never been seen by most specialists or the public. For Native people, it offers win-

Writer and storyteller Joseph Bruchac, a member of the Abenaki Nation of Vermont, is coauthor of Keepers of the Earth, *from Fulcrum Publishing.*

dows into the lives and visions of their own ancestors. Contemporary American Indian artists, historians and keepers of tradition can find objects here that were separated from them by a European-American culture that, all too often, saw Indians as vanishing and exotic primitives, people to be "civilized," people with no right to a voice in their own lives.

A sensitive repatriation program

The NMAI addresses the fact that many objects in its collection were removed from various Native communities under controversial circumstances, and that human remains are among those objects. A sensitive repatriation program, mandated in the legislation that established the museum, is an integral part of the NMAI philosophy. As Clara Sue Kidwell (Choctaw/Chippewa), the museum's Assistant Director for Cultural Resources, explained to me, the repatriation program includes "not only human remains, of which the museum has relatively little compared to major ethnographic and natural history museums in the country, and funerary objects, but also sacred and ceremonial objects necessary to the practices or revitalization of Native religions, communally owned property which could not have been legally disposed of by any individual member of a tribe, and abundant objects of which the museum has multiple examples."

Ironically, the historic landmark building into which the Heye Center will move was once a customhouse, now the Alexander Hamilton U.S. Custom House. There are ironies about the collection as well. Containing more than one million objects—one of the finest and most comprehensive collections of the arts of indigenous peoples of the Western Hemisphere—it was kept for years in circumstances that were, at best, inadequate. Less than 2 percent of the collection was exhibited, while objects in storage were threatened by humidity and insects. In recent years, few visitors ventured to the museum's less than desirable site at 155th Street and Broadway in New York City (SMITHSONIAN, October 1989). I remember how one cab driver I tried to hire to take me there in 1985 looked at me in disbelief and then pulled away without me. Before it was decided that the Heye Foundation's Museum of the American Indian would be the core of a national American Indian museum and a part of the Smithsonian, there was, in the 1980s, what seemed like a bidding war for the museum. Ross Perot made a serious offer to build a new home for it in Texas. The City of New York was shocked at the thought of losing the collection, and its American Museum of Natural History offered space in that facility.

In the end, it was decided that the collection would become part of the Smithsonian Institution. The establishing legislation was signed in 1989. Moreover, the NMAI would have not just one site but three. The major museum would occupy the last available spot on the Mall in Washington D.C., near the National Air and Space Museum. A Cultural Resources Center in Suitland, Maryland, would house the bulk of the collection and accommodate such activities as research, exhibit support, collection conservation and outreach. The third site is the one now opening, the Heye Center, cofunded through City of New York, New York State and federal support.

Although the Smithsonian is funding construction of the Suitland facility, the completion of the major NMAI site on the Mall is contingent upon fundraising. Congress will provide funds for two-thirds of the museum's projected $110 million in construction costs—but only if the NMAI succeeds in raising the first one-third of that amount before September 30, 1996. That crucial effort is continuing, with the hope of finding support not only for completion of the Mall museum by the year 2001 but also for important outreach and education programs.

The Heye Center's new home at the southern tip of Manhattan is not far from the site of Fort Amsterdam, an early European stronghold that was built in 1626. But before the fort or the customhouse existed, Lenape people stood on this island they called Menatay and watched—

The Smithsonian's new museum, says NMAI director Rick West, "is a national institution of living culture."

Pomo basket-maker Susan Billy, a selector for the "All Roads Are Good" exhibit, chose a three-stick coiled Pomo basket; she learned to weave from great-aunt who passed down Billy's grandmother's tools.

NMAI

perhaps with some foreboding—those first tall ships sail into New York Harbor. This site is also near Wall Street, a street named for the wall built here to defend European settlers from attacks by "northern Indians."

The three major exhibitions that inaugurate the Heye Center opening are exemplary of the tearing down of walls—those between Native people and their works of art, and those between Native people and non-Native people. The first, "Creation's Journey: Masterworks of Native American Identity and Belief," is an astonishing testament to the diversity of the collection. The 164 objects come from a multiplicity of groups from North, Central and South America, and the dates they were made range from 3000 B.C. to the present. A wooden Chilkat bear-clan hat, a Nez Perce shirt, a Karajá feathered headdress from Brazil, a King Island Eskimo kayak, a Mayan ceramic vessel portraying a nobleman smoking tobacco—I came upon a grouping of them during a recent visit to the museum. As the exhibit spaces were still under construction, they were in the preparation area. Standing in their presence, I was moved by the idea of their being described as "masterworks."

However, as I would discover in my conversations with many of the Native people involved in bringing this new museum to life, the purpose of this exhibition—and, indeed, of the other two as well—is, to quote Clara Sue Kidwell, "not necessarily to elevate Native objects to the same category as European art objects." Instead, these shows ask the question "What is a masterwork?" and lead us into a consideration of whose standards of beauty and esthetics are being used to judge. As the first truly national forum for the Native arts of the Americas, the NMAI is attempting to see the many worlds of the first peoples of the hemisphere through Indian eyes.

Rick West, the NMAI's director, is Southern Cheyenne and, as the son of a Native artist, has kept that mission clearly in focus. "Indian material can be looked at very differently depending upon who is looking at it," he told me. "Because museums are the chief public interpreters of Indian cultures and peoples, those of us in the museum community have a tremendous responsibility to do it right and to think it through very carefully. 'Creation's Journey' has been approached in that spirit."

The second exhibit, entitled "All Roads Are Good: Native Voices on Life and Culture," goes to the heart of the interpretation issue. As West put it, "One of the missing perspectives for many, many years—almost from the beginning of museums—has been the voice of Native peoples themselves." "All Roads Are Good" is made up of more than 300 objects that were chosen by 23 American Indian "selectors"—religious elders, tribal leaders, artists and other highly respected people who

For an Osage woman's wedding outfit, beads, feather plumes, ribbons, sash and silver were added to a military-style coat.

Duck decoys from A.D. 200—one painted and feathered, the other plain—were found in Lovelock Cave in Nevada.

A Munsee Delaware pouch, made in Ontario, is one of Linda Poolaw's selections for "All Roads are Good."

House model of carved and painted wood was made in British Columbia by the Haida in late 19th century.

Shell pendant with mosaic of turquoise and jet, found in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, dates from A.D. 900-1250.

National Museum of the American Indian

Sculptor Douglas Coffin, a Potawatomi who works in New Mexico, is one of 15 artists who participated in creating the installation "This Path We Travel."

were nominated by members of their communities for this role. The wall labels for the objects have been written by the selectors themselves; in addition, the catalog for the exhibit contains thoughtful essays written by them on how they approached the task of selection. (The exhibition catalogs for both "Creation's Journey" and "All Roads Are Good" have been published by the Smithsonian Institution Press.)

Pomo basket-maker Susan Billy (p. 44), one of the selectors for "All Roads Are Good," chose Pomo baskets for the show. Billy learned basket-weaving from her great-aunt, Elsie Allen, a woman she saw "standing in the doorway of changing times." Raised in Virginia, far from her people in California, Billy was fascinated by the baskets in her home. But her father couldn't answer her many questions about them, telling her, "Someday you can look up Elsie Allen."

Learning with her grandmother's tools

Years later, Billy showed up on her aunt's doorstep in Mendocino County. "I am here to learn about the Pomo baskets," she told the stranger who answered the door. The next morning, Billy got her first lesson. Handing her an awl and a knife, Elsie Allen told her, "These are the only tools you will need as a basket-weaver. They belonged to your grandmother, and I realized last night that I was just taking care of them for you." Allen taught her for the next 16 years.

One of the objects that Billy chose for the exhibit, a coiled basket with shell beads and feathers, was a style of basket used for the ritual washing of a newborn baby or a young girl passing into adulthood. "When I hold this basket," she said, "it feels almost overwhelming and vibrant to me." Billy explained that the Pomo people used baskets for just about everything—cooking, storage, gathering—and that usually women made the coiled, twined and feathered baskets, while men made all the fishing weirs, bird traps and baby baskets (a baby basket would be woven by the uncle of a newborn child during the three days immediately following its birth, while relatives brought him food).

Linda Poolaw, another selector, is the daughter of a Kiowa father and a Delaware mother; among her choices were pouches made by both tribes. According to Poolaw, the geometrical designs on the Kiowa pouch reflect the people's nomadic life; while the more realistic design on the Delaware pouch (p. 45) reflects the more sedentary woodlands life, in which people had time to sit and observe nature.

Poolaw believes that her background gives her insight into both cultures. "There was a lot of teasing at home as a result of having parents from two Native cultures, and with two brothers who are enrolled Kiowa," she relates in the exhibition catalog. "For example, the Kio-

Also participating in "This Path We Travel" is José Montaño; born in Bolivian highlands, he cofounded Grupo Aymara, Bolivia's premier folk-music ensemble. Here, he plays wind instrument of Mohoseño family.

was once ate turtles, while my Delaware mother's family belongs to the turtle clan. It was unique growing up in that situation—my father's family ate turtles and my mother's family did not, and there was always a lot of teasing about it. That's how I was taught to deal with the hardships of life—through laughter, humor, teasing. That's how you get along and survive."

Susan Billy, Linda Poolaw and the other selectors were deeply moved by their participation in "All Roads Are Good." It was a hot morning in Santa Fe when I talked with selector Rina Swentzell, who had just come in from watering her garden. Her granddaughter went out to turn off the hose as we talked about how she had felt when she visited the storage area of the museum to make her selections. Swentzell, who is Tewa/Santa Clara Pueblo and comes from a family of potters, holds a master's degree in architecture and a PhD in American Studies. But, more than any of her academic achievements, her careful words reflect her relationship to the ancient traditions. "There's so much to be learned from the things my ancestors made," she said. "It was important to me to approach them with care and respect."

Among the objects Swentzell chose are two Mimbres pottery bowls; for her, they express the idea of Po-wa-ha. "I feel very strongly that Indian people forget—all people forget—those deeper places these objects can remind us of," she said. "As a human race we have moments of incredible greatness, not power and control over things, but power to connect with Po-wa-ha, 'water-wind-breath,' the creative energy of the world, the breath that makes the wind blow and the waters flow. . ."

That idea of connection—and inspired collaboration—defines the third and final opening exhibit, "This Path We Travel: Celebrations of Contemporary Native American Creativity." Unlike the first two shows, which are made up of already existing works of art, "This Path We Travel" is a collaborative installation. The work of 15 Native American artists, its intention is to immerse visitors in the sights, sounds, textures and spiritual philosophies of Native peoples.

The artists represent the spectrum from painting, photography and sculpture, to music, dance and storytelling, and span a range of tribal traditions from Aleut and Ojibwe to Aymara and Native Hawaiian. Over the

The Heye Center is located near the foot of Broadway—the southern end of a former Algonquian trade route.

course of several years, they met at four different locations—symbolizing the cardinal directions—to plan a large and intricate installation. It would immerse the visitor in a spiral of Native words and works, passing from Creation through the Sacred and the Profane into a vision of what the future might hold. (For those who will not be able to come to New York, a catalog, from Fulcrum Publishing, documents this installation. All three catalogs for the opening exhibits are available in bookstores around the country.)

Douglas Coffin (p. 46), a Potawatomi sculptor whose studio in the New Mexico town of Abiquiu looks out over the landscape that inspired Georgia O'Keeffe, was one of the 15 planners. At first, he told me, the group was uncertain how to proceed. But gradually, as they worked with other Native people who were trying to preserve traditional ways and traditional lands, they experienced moments of shared understanding.

One such moment came on the island of Hawaii. "One of our group, Pualani, is a traditional chanter—she and her sister," Coffin related. "They had arranged for their dance group to meet us toward sunset at the edge of the volcano. It was dark; the steam was rising up in the background, and there was a soft, drizzling rain as they started chanting and playing gourds. Then they started the dance movements around the volcano. We felt the beauty of their old traditions as they came alive before our eyes."

Expressing those moments of unified vision is the artists' challenge in creating "This Path We Travel." The installation, says Rick West, makes another fundamental point about the American Indian, "namely, that these are contemporary peoples, too." Native Americans, he says, possess a brilliant sense of adaptation. "This is not to be confused with assimilation; this is dynamic change—always taking into account what is in front of us, but using our own past and our own set of values and traditions to deal with that present."

Reaching that place where one can put forward Native values and traditions has been, for many Native artists, a long and difficult journey. The Tuscarora ancestors of Rick Hill, special assistant to the NMAI director, made many difficult journeys themselves after being forced from their homelands in North Carolina. Hill worked on all three opening exhibits and helped supervise the production of the catalogs and audiovisual material. On the day I spoke with him, he was at his home on the Tuscarora Reservation near Niagara Falls with his children; they are frequent subjects in his paintings, which hang on his walls. It is important, he told me, that people realize that the NMAI is "doing business differently than it has been done in the past."

He shook his head as he remembered his first visit to the Heye collection in 1976. "I was stunned," he said, "to see so much material so poorly maintained. Of course, the big issue then was over the wampum belts—and when I walked into the musem the wampum belts and the medicine masks were openly displayed. I felt insulted. Growing up as an Indian in New York, involved in the arts and the museum field, I was never given an opportunity to work with this collection, as much as I tried over the years. Now, to come back as a person not only responsible for developing exhibits but having total access to the collection itself, demonstrates why the new museum was necessary and how it is different."

It was a warm day in June when I was led through the maze of unfinished galleries in the old customhouse. "Creation's Journey" would be here. "All Roads Are Good" would begin 50 yards farther on. Around another corner was the entrance to the chambered nautilus shape of "This Path We Travel." White, unfinished space now. Yet as I watched carpenters finishing walls and floors that would soon come alive with the many colors and living shapes of Native art, I felt myself flow through time, moving in a circle that was not broken, one that begins again with each new birth and yet does not end with death. I heard again Rick West's words, which summed up for me the meaning and the promise of this new museum. "It is," he said, "in the end, a national institution of living culture. It is about a group of peoples and cultures that continue to exist right now and draw upon a lengthy and deep cultural past to maintain a present and to build a cultural future."

Sioux *tipi*, Comanche warrior and other miniatures were favorite toys of 19th-century Plains Indian children.

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Queen Elizabeth 2

Armed with his indispensable video camera, storm aficionado Jack Corso films unpredictable violence of incoming front. Corso's special passion for recording lightning has won him the nickname "Thunderhead."

By Richard Wolkomir

Squalls ahead, east or west, these storm chasers never rest

No matter if they're tracking twisters or even hunting hurricanes, weather addicts are road-trippers in pursuit of the ultimate tempest

Storm warnings are out for Texas.

Yes!

It is only minutes since Jack (Thunderhead) Corso and Tim Dorr picked me up at the Oklahoma City airport. But we are already barreling south. "Page one begins now!" Corso proclaims. As he drives, he glances from a map in his lap to the rearview mirror, where a trooper could loom anytime. Meanwhile, he peers up at the dreary stratus clouds. "Garbage!" But somewhere ahead is a squall line. "It's from a cut-off low," Corso announces in the machine-gun intonations of inner Brooklyn.

Dorr, from suburban Chicago, the taller, more laid-back member of the Mutt-and-Jeff team, tells me that a "cut-off low" is a blob of rotating cooler air that has become cut off from the prevailing west-to-east winds. This particular low is spinning by itself over Arizona and New Mexico. It is pulling warm, moist Gulf air into Texas. Violent storms could erupt—if we're lucky.

"We've got two more hours of daylight, and there's a tornado watch out for Wichita Falls and points south—could anything be better?" Corso says. It would be better, I think, if Wichita Falls, Texas, were not 141 miles

from Oklahoma City. Corso steps harder on the gas pedal. "I do get speeding tickets down here," he says. "But that's part of the job."

Actually, Corso's job is supervising automated mail sorting at a post office in New York's suburban Westchester County. And Dorr works in his family's direct-mail advertising business in Wilmette, Illinois. But every May the two men leave their wives at home and spend two weeks crisscrossing the Great Plains, covering thousands of miles, in hot pursuit of cumulonimbus clouds.

Some storm chasers are scientists, seeking data. But Corso and Dorr, along with hundreds of other amateurs, are simply aficionados of tempestuous weather. They like the melodramatic clouds of the plains. Also gusts. Hail. Lightning. Downpours. Rainbows. One hurricane junkie, Jim Leonard, lost his Florida job and moved to Guam for the typhoons. When I called him, he told me: "I picked a good year—five hits in three months."

Look, Ma, no barometers!

Corso and Dorr, however, are partial to tornadoes. "We travel light," Corso boasts as he drives south on I-44, the wipers clacking in a drizzle. "No hydrometers, barometers, anemometers . . ." Corso's Marine-style crewcut and his clipped mustache seemingly bristle at the thought of all that unsportsmanlike equipment. It's like shooting wolves from Cessnas. Corso and Dorr pride themselves on tracking storm spoor in the sky, by eye. That is why Corso, as he drives, cranes around to peer at clouds through the car's side and rear windows, inspiring me to recheck the snugness of my seat belt.

But my hosts are not wholly pure. As the car whizzes southward, past Angus steers grazing on High Plains short grass, Dorr periodically unpacks a weather radio to tune in National Weather Service updates. In the trunk he has stowed a roof antenna for back roads too remote for ordinary reception. And he keeps the car's dashboard radio tuned to rock-music stations—periodically announcers interrupt Metallica or Michael Bolton with a storm bulletin. Also loaded in the trunk is an arsenal of video and still cameras. "I'm known for my lightning shots," Corso announces. "That's how I got my nickname—'Thunderhead.'"

Corso and Dorr partially cover their chasing costs—budget hotels, greasy spoons, bucketfuls of gasoline—by selling storm photographs, most often to newspapers and magazines. Other chasers also have found ways to defray costs. For example, Jim Leonard, the hurricane addict, now spends tornado season working for an Oklahoma City television station as a freelance chaser-for-hire. "They have these 'weather wars' out here, and all the stations hire chasers like me to shoot videos, hoping they'll have the best shots," he explains. Another chaser, Warren Faidley, of Tucson, makes a living selling his

Tim Marshall

Trackers often help researchers document fearsome phenomena, such as a Texas twister touching down.

Photographs by Kay Chernush

own and other chasers' storm photographs to periodicals and ad agencies. Marty Feely, who lives in Norman, Oklahoma, has created Whirlwind Tours, offering packaged "Tornado Alley" trips to chasers. He acts as a meteorological big-game hunting guide. Corso and Dorr, meanwhile, produce videos of their annual chases, which they sell to other storm chasers.

"It's not really a vacation because it's so much work," says Dorr happily. "We may drive all day, just to get in position, and—hey, listen to the static on the radio!" "Lightning!" says Corso, sounding electrified himself. "There is lightning!" Ahead, the sky is dull gray, exuding drizzle. It is the spreading top of an anvil-shaped thunderhead. "But this is just blown off from the actual storm," says Corso. "Where's the meat and potatoes?"

Now the sky is grim, as we drive deeper under the canopy of the anvil cloud, and the wipers cannot keep up. "This is the junk side of the cloud, the north, the stratiform side, and the rain really ruins the viewing," says Corso disdainfully, as we hurry through Lawton, Oklahoma, and on south. Ahead, the clouds are more defined, and the mood in the car brightens a notch.

"Welcome to Texas," says a sign. "Drive Friendly The Texas Way." Corso accelerates. "See how flat this land is?" asks Dorr. "Perfect tornado terrain." Even so, they now expect to see nothing tonight. It is nearly dark. "Tomorrow the fun begins," Corso asserts.

Radio reports say the thunderstorms are moving east at 20 miles per hour, with flash-flood warnings out for Jack County and a tornado watch for north-central Texas, from Abilene to Dallas. Corso and Dorr decide to go west, to Abilene, where new storm cells may develop. Through the car's rear window, we see the purple line where the anvil cloud's rain canopy ends, perhaps 150 miles behind us. Beyond, the sky glows orange down to the horizon. "It's nice to know days of action are coming. I'll have sweet dreams tonight," Corso says.

Corso calls home; he relies on information from his wife, Joan, who monitors reports on Weather Channel.

After midnight, we check into a cheap Abilene motel that Dorr finds in a notebook he has kept during his nine years of chasing. He noted this motel because it has the key appurtenance: its TVs get the Weather Channel. Then we drive to a nearby International House of Pancakes for a wee-hours supper. Corso orders a huge cheese omelet, into which he mixes fried potatoes and fried onions. "Look what Einstein is doing with his food," Dorr observes, loudly. "Hey, this is how it's going to look inside," Corso replies, even louder.

In the morning, the clouds are low and raw. Corso and Dorr tell me the TV says a tornado hit nearby last night, while we were driving. They strategize. The incoming bulge of warm Gulf air is riding up over cooler air. "You want to be on the warm side of a weather front, so we should push west to the Pecos," Corso says, scrutinizing the sky. "These scud clouds show we're still on the cold side of the front, and the Jack (Thunderhead) Corso pick of the day is . . . Odessa, Texas." He whacks Tim Dorr with his newspaper, in mock fury. "I get so frustrated!" he yells. "I've got a reputation to uphold! Last night, tornadoes right here in Abilene! And you had to take a late flight!"

At a Minnesota diner, Corso and road-trip companion Willie Titterton consult maps before seeking storms.

Richard Wolkomir was thoroughly blown away by his jaunt across the plains with Messrs. Corso and Dorr.

As I See it #14 in a series
Sandi Fellman
"Les Fleurs d'Amour"
Polaroid 20x24 Polaroid Photographs

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We drive southwest on Route 20, the radio blaring heavy metal. Out on the flat scrublands, mesas loom like ships. We are searching for the "dry line," where the humid air bulging up from the Gulf meets dry air from Mexico and New Mexico. Then we will seek the "triple point," where the dry line intersects the warm front, a twister hot spot. But Corso, driving and eyeing the clouds ahead, mutters, "All garbage." Clouds bulge down toward the mesas. "I'm not sold on this," Corso says. We drive on through Texas' Permian Basin region, passing oil rigs and whirling windmills. The weather radio is warning of flash floods.

"It's not where it should be!"

At Odessa we turn south on Route 385. Ahead, a shelf of dark clouds hangs low over the highway. Far to our right, a rain shaft slants down. Beyond the clouds, the southern horizon is brighter. "That looks like the front," says Corso. But then a radio announcer interrupts Elvis Costello to report that a tornado was just spotted near Goldsmith. We check the map: Goldsmith is a few miles north of Odessa, where we just were. Corso slaps the steering wheel.

"It's not where it should be. We're going the wrong way!" He wheels the car around, then stops in the empty road. "Maybe it was a false report," he says. "Or is there something to the west, a new cell forming?"

At that moment the radio announces a tornado warning for Ector County, stretching west from Odessa. "If you're in the area, take cover immediately," the radio says, and I stifle an urge to point out to my guides that we are in the area. "We were just 20 miles away from this thing," Corso says, exasperated. To the west, the sky still looks nasty, but Corso and Dorr are dubious. "There's sort of a hostility index, and this storm just doesn't seem to be mean enough," Dorr says. We roar back to Odessa, splashing through ponds that have formed on the pavement. Corso careens left onto a street arrowing west and veers onto the shoulder: "See it? Up ahead? That black line? That's our baby!"

Ahead, an ugly black cloud sits low over the flat landscape, shooting out lightning. From the bottom, a cylindrical section slowly descends toward the highway. "It's a wall cloud," says Corso, aiming his video camera. "If that guy starts to rotate, you may see a tornado any minute."

It occurs to me that I could skip seeing a tornado. Before meeting Corso and Dorr, I spent two days with researchers at the National Severe Storms Laboratory, in Norman, Oklahoma. They told me how murderous prairie storms can be, and not just tornadoes. "Straight-line" windstorms can produce 100-mph winds lasting up to half an hour, throwing down hail the size of baseballs, meteorologist Chuck Doswell told me. Another researcher, Harold Brooks, cited a 1991 straight-line storm in Ontario that leveled 1,500 square kilometers of forest. Tornadoes, by contrast, are only ten yards to a mile wide. But they are unbelievably powerful. In ten minutes a tornado-producing thunderstorm can expend the energy of a one-megaton nuclear bomb.

For such a storm, a tornado is merely an afterthought, a cough. But tornado winds reach 300 mph, generating up to four times the power of hurricane winds. Doswell and Brooks told me about tornadoes tossing Army tanks and huge farm combines. During a tornado in Dallas, in 1957, a woman looked out her window and saw a railroad car somersaulting end-over-end down the street. In Barneveld, Wisconsin, in June 1984, a tornado snapped off a pickup truck's bumper and license plate and carried them 20 miles. Houses may take off and fly, like Dorothy's house in *The Wizard of Oz*.

Chuck Doswell told me a thunderstorm is "a process, rather than a thing." It feeds on moisture and heat and is usually the product of warm air rising. As the rising air cools, its vapor condenses into droplets, relinquishing energy into the atmosphere and forming a roiling cloud that may go up 50,000 feet. Most storms form from multiple "cells," each cell a unit of convection comprising an updraft, a downdraft or both. Doswell showed me a diagram of the air currents inside a thunderhead: it looked like a nest of writhing rattlesnakes.

Tornadoes usually come from "supercells": long-lived storms with a rotating updraft. Showing me how a twister forms, Doswell rolled a pencil horizontally between his palms. His hands represented two air currents blowing at different speeds or in different directions. The pencil represented the rotation of air rubbed be-

As a regular traveler with Jack Corso, chaser Tim Dorr honed his navigation skills over thousands of miles.

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tween them. A storm's updraft tilts this air vertically, forming a supercell that is seen from the ground as a rotating "wall cloud" hanging from a thunderhead's base.

In the lab, it sounded abstract. But now I am five miles west of Odessa, Texas, standing beside a highway with Jack Corso and Tim Dorr. We are staring up at a cylindrical, black wall cloud. It writhes. And it seems malevolent. Other chasers are out today. They, too, lean against their parked cars, peering hopefully at the cloud. Storm spotters—sheriff's deputies, troopers, citizen volunteers—also watch, but they look worried. They clench radio microphones, ready to send up the alarm.

"It's important to understand," Corso suddenly tells me, "we like storms, but we have no urge to see damage, and we don't enjoy seeing people hurt." As we watch, the wall cloud's sharp edges fray. The cylinder turns blobby. And then it blows away. The danger has passed.

No flying monkeys, no Dorothy

Corso and Dorr rush to try their luck farther down the line of storms. The next cell looks like a hovering UFO, rain pouring from one edge. An Easterner, I never saw clouds so dramatic—immense, low over the prairie, flashing. "These are junk," Corso sneers. "This is supposed to be world class out here, and I could see this stuff in New Jersey." We spot another wall cloud. It rotates, but too lethargically. "This guy's losing it," Corso says in disgust. "You know you're not getting close until you see the flying monkeys and Dorothy," says Dorr.

We speed down the scattered line of thunderstorms, hoping for the worst. Dirigible-like cells hover overhead. But the system is weak. Corso and Dorr decide to drive west, to get positioned for tomorrow. We awaken the next morning at a motel in Fort Stockton, Texas. It is Friday the 13th. The sun is bright. When I offer Dorr and Corso condolences on the blue sky, they look smug. Corso points to the east, where a line crosses the sky. On our side the air is clear. On the other side the air is hazy with moisture. "It's the dry line," Corso says. "This could turn out a lot better than yesterday."

At breakfast in the motel's restaurant, the storm chasers consume toxic quantities of saturated fat and loudly needle each other—and me. "We want you to go with us for the entire 16 days, and eat fatty food like this and not get any sleep." Their noisy patter attracts hostile stares from large men wearing black Stetsons. Partly to get my friends quiet, I ask how they became chasers.

Corso says it began 40 years ago, in Brooklyn, when he was in his crib. "My mother told me I'd jump up and down and point to the skylight, yelling 'Boom! Boom! All wet!'" Corso says. "She thought maybe I'd wet my diaper." As he grew older, storms continued to fascinate him. In August 1960, when he was 6 years old, his father, a mechanic, took the family to a Long Island drive-in theater to see *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*. At the drive-in, with Elvis Presley singing "Now or Never" over the car radio, a storm erupted. "Lightning was going off like machine guns, and my mother put a washcloth over my face because she thought she needed to protect me from the blinding light," he recalls. "I was going nuts because I wanted to see, and I was thinking, 'One day this will all be mine.'"

Corso was mesmerized by the tornado in the film *The Wizard of Oz*. As an adult, he learned that North America's Great Plains have the world's highest incidence of tornadoes because of a geographical fluke: warm, wet air from the Gulf hits cooler, drier air from the Rockies,

All Mary Hurley

As a tornado bore down on her Illinois farm one June afternoon in 1990, Mary Hurley grabbed a camera.

She recorded a terrifying spectacle as twister hit. Debris specks in funnel are neighbors' houses, trees.

an explosive mixture. On his 1976 honeymoon, Corso took his wife to "Tornado Alley"—Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa. "We ran into a dry-line supercell, at Denton, Texas," he says. "I was going bananas, and my wife was saying, 'But it's just a thunderstorm.' Then hail as big as softballs came down." After that, Corso and his wife spent their vacations chasing prairie storms every year until ten years ago, when the first of their two daughters was born. After that, Corso chased alone. He thought he was the world's only stormoholic.

Meanwhile, in Chicago, Tim Dorr had also grown up watching storms. One day he read an article about storm chasing. Struck by the idea, he wrote a letter to *Weatherwise*, a magazine for weather enthusiasts, asking if any experienced storm chasers were looking for a partner. Jack Corso saw the letter, and the two men have teamed up almost every year since.

Nobody knows the number of chasers in the United States. But Tim Marshall, a Texas engineer and meteorologist who chases storms for recreation, publishes *Stormtrack*, a newsletter for chasers (or would-be chasers). Its circulation offers one strictly unofficial chaser-count: 650 subscribers.

As I rode with Corso and Dorr across hundreds of empty prairie miles between storms, I read an issue of *Stormtrack*. It had classified ads, like one from California chaser William Reid: "Last Chance Chase Video—experience the thrills of two chasers as they document the development of a small Eastern Colorado thundershower into a supercell with a large wedge tornado." Tim Marshall's editorial begged chasers to be more courteous when they visit National Weather Service stations: "Many chasers actually help the Weather Service by reporting what they have seen, and by sending them videos and slides for spotter training. It's incredible to me that some people actually take others' food and beverage out of the Weather Service refrigerators."

Their worst enemy: gonzo driving

One article was by Dave Keller, whom I had already met at the National Severe Storms Laboratory, where he works with computers. In his spare time, he is an avid recreational chaser. (He often chats with other chasers via the electronic Internet.) Keller does not believe chasing is innately dangerous. "Your own bonehead driving is the biggest risk," he told me. "After that, the risks, in order, are: lightning, water on the road, debris on the road. A tornado is at least as far down as fifth."

Stormtrack's subscribers, like Keller, Corso and Dorr, are chasing's hard core. But many more—nobody knows how many—are intermittent chasers, materializing beside Tornado Alley roadsides when really severe storm warnings go out. In fact, so many cars now park along the highways that meteorologists like Chuck Doswell and Harold Brooks, at the Severe Storms lab, are getting testy. Some chasers, they told me when I visited, are thrill seekers, akin to bungee jumpers. Doswell said some chasers violate laws, trespass and take crazy risks. "They're giving storm chasing a bad name."

Doswell admitted his grumpiness is sparked by self-interest. "Storm chasing could be considered fringe behavior all by itself," he said dryly. And he fears the amateurs' antics—cowboy driving, for instance—will antagonize police, who might make chasing hard even for serious scientists. Doswell, who is bald, with a swooping mustache, looks like a rancher although he grew up in a Chicago suburb. He is, however, an extremely serious

Both: Gene D. Rhoden

Mammatus clouds, forming after thunderstorm passes, hover over Severe Storms lab's radar in Oklahoma.

Splayed out like a fiery tree, a bold lightning strike in Oklahoma was documented by chaser Gene Rhoden.

scientist. And he complains that so many chasers are out there now that "you have to get a ticket to find a place to park." But he is honest. "I'm two-faced, because besides scientific research I do my own personal chasing," he admits. Brooks also chases storms for recreation. "It's feedback on my understanding of the atmosphere—I check what I think I know against what I see," he told me. He also says that many amateur chasers have helped researchers by sharing their experiences.

Chase cars wear beanies to study tornadoes

Doswell has chased storms since he was a University of Oklahoma graduate student in 1972, which he said marked the start of modern scientific chasing. "Much of our current understanding of severe storms has been modified by chasing." For example, by making precise measurements on closeup photographs and videos of storms, scientists probe storm dynamics. Currently, a lab project called Vortex deploys 15 chase cars wearing miniature weather stations on their roofs, like pinwheel beanies, to study tornado rotation.

When the scientists go storm chasing, they are backed by a network of Weather Service and Defense Department Doppler radars and other high-tech gear. They carry two-way radios and release weather balloons. Sometimes they have air surveillance. Compared with them, enthusiasts like Corso and Dorr seem to be mountain men, hunting grizzlies by using just woods-smarts and their eyes. And tornadoes are dangerous game.

How not to get dead? Chuck Doswell instructed me: "Stay behind the storm, so it's moving away from you, and don't chase what you can't see." That meant don't "core punch," which is driving through the downpour at a thunderhead's base—heavy rain or hail can shroud a tornado inside. As Doswell put it: "If you're driving through a core and you get hail going from pea-size to marble-size to golf balls, you stop, turn around and get out." Howard Brooks told me about one core puncher who took a two-by-four through the rear window of his pickup. And Doswell, in 1973, punched through a storm's core and found himself almost nose-to-nose with a twister. If he had gone through ten minutes sooner, he said, he'd have "driven right into the tornado."

And so, on Friday the 13th, core punching is on my mind as I leave Fort Stockton with Tim Dorr and Jack Corso, even though it is sunny. For one thing, Corso had recently announced: "I am a core puncher." He insists he knows when to stop. But in addition to his spring chase on the Great Plains, Corso also chases in Florida every summer, and I had seen a video he made there, standing directly under a funnel cloud, which is a potential tornado that has not as yet touched the ground. As the camera panned upward into the funnel, Corso's video voice boasted, "Have I got guts or have I got guts?"

Marty Feely

Today, however, Corso and Dorr get skunked. All day we patrol the dry line, finding only sunshine. We stop at a roadside pay phone in a three-house prairie town, and Corso desperately calls his wife in New York: "Check the weather channel!" She reports that Houston, 350 miles to our southeast, has storms and tornadoes. Corso hangs up in frustration. Friday the 13th ends gloriously sunny, a day in ruins. By 1:30 A.M. we pull back into Oklahoma City, which Corso predicts will be the next center of activity. We awaken to thunder.

Before leaving home, I had called Jeff Rosenfeld, managing editor of *Weatherwise* magazine. What compels storm chasers to drive such tremendous distances across the plains? I asked. "You can see forever," Rosenfeld answered. "The sky and the air are clear, and what you see is tremendous—it's simply awe-inspiring."

And so it now seems to me. We speed north through Oklahoma and Missouri, then south through Kansas. We pass under towering thunderheads, clouds shaped like cauliflowers, anvils, corkscrews and tops. We see cotton-boll clouds, violet clouds and clouds the setting sun has given the color of honey. Sometimes the sky overhead is radiant blue, the horizon inky. In front of a low and seething black cloud we see a line of trees sunlit to radioactive brilliance.

We drive west along Route 54, which Kansas has identified with a sign as "The Yellow Brick Road." Then we turn south again, arriving back in Oklahoma City early in the morning, at my airport hotel. Because I am leaving, in the predawn Corso and Dorr require me to judge their annual ritual, the "door throw"—who can slam his car door the hardest and with style. I award the palm to Dorr, who craftily kicks his door shut.

Corso and Dorr will drive on for another two weeks, perpetrating horseplay. They will follow warm fronts across the plains, hunting for the dry line and the triple point. They will listen to brain-killing rock music and consume lethal quantities of deep-fat-fried chicken. They will stand on top of their car to photograph supercells. They will cover about 10,000 miles, their eyes on the clouds, slowly turning the inside of their car into a landfill of empty tortilla chip bags and cola bottles, hoping for a tornado. Where next? I ask. "We'll see how the fronts shape up," Corso says. "But I'm thinking maybe we'll buzz over to New Mexico—we could catch some good lightning!"

At sunset near town of Sweetwater, Oklahoma, storm chaser Marty Feely photographed this dwindling tempest. Although the storm began ferociously enough to warrant a tornado warning, a twister never materialized.

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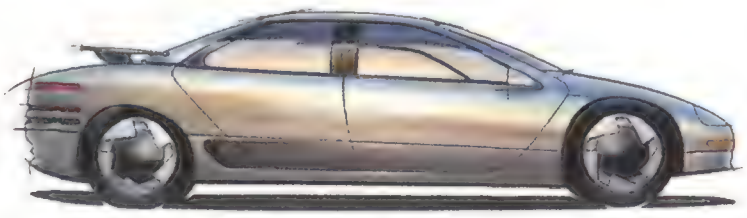

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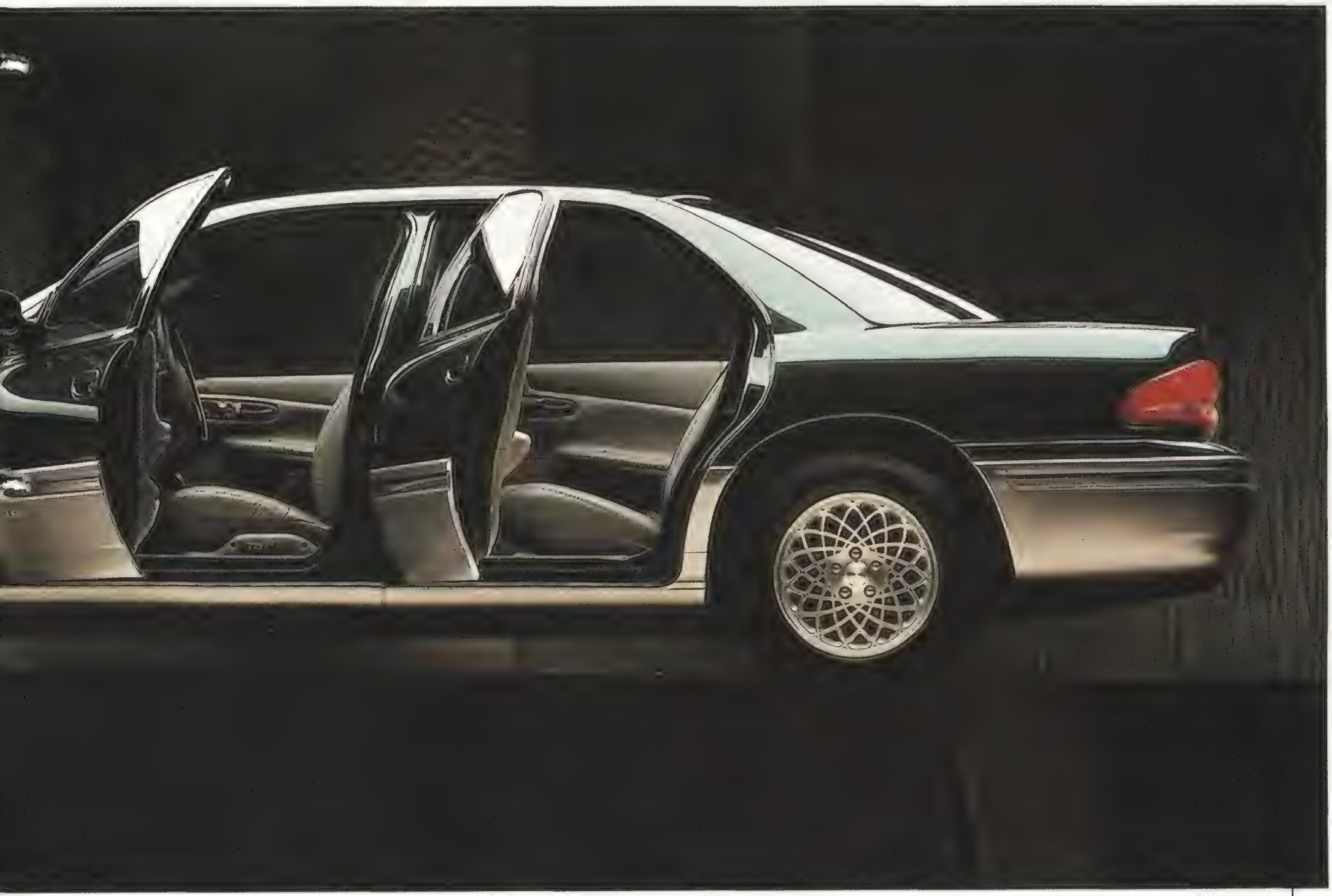

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By Tom Huntington

There is no finer place in the world to watch baseball

Boston's beloved Fenway Park is a quirky relic of a more peaceful time when a strike could be called only if someone was at bat

Opened on April 20, 1912, Fenway endears itself to fans and players alike with its eccentric angles and almost cozy confines, but visiting outfielders and pitchers are intimidated by the famous left-field wall.

Boston's Fenway Park has been compared to "a shrine where people come for religious rites." It's been celebrated as "the emerald among baseball's diamonds." John Updike called it "a lyric little bandbox of a ballpark." Sportswriter Roger Angell simply said it is "the best place in the world to watch baseball."

When there *is* baseball, Angell might have added. Fans who suffered withdrawal symptoms because of the strike this year may not agree on where the fault lies—with the players or the owners—but one thing is beyond dispute: they still love Fenway, and no wonder. More than any other sport, baseball takes inspiration from its past and treasures "that wonderful sameness," as former Boston Red Sox center fielder Dom DiMaggio once put it. Fenway Park has been home to the Boston Red Sox for more than 80 years. It shares with Detroit's Tiger Stadium—which opened on the same day—the title of the oldest ballpark in the major leagues. With seats for only 33,925 fans, Fenway is the major leagues' smallest ballpark, and watching a game there is pretty much what baseball is all about. "When you come right down to it, there's nothing like sitting in Fenway Park on a summer's evening and watching a baseball game," says David Fisher. He and John Boswell, both admitted Yankees fans, wrote a book based around a mini-Fenway that literally pops up from the pages.

Photographs by Bill Ballenberg

Babe Ruth (front row, fourth from left) had been with the Red Sox for two years when he sat for this team picture in 1916. He was a standout pitcher in those days, but the Sox sold him to the Yankees in 1919.

Fenway is one of the few survivors of the great age of baseball stadiums. Forbes Field, Shibe Park, Ebbets Field and the Polo Grounds are all gone. Chicago lost the old Comiskey in 1990, though it still has Wrigley Field, which dates back to 1914. There are recurrent rumors that Tiger Stadium will be replaced with a new ballpark soon. Even Yankee Stadium, built in 1923 and completely renovated 20 years ago, faces an uncertain future as Yankees owner George Steinbrenner makes dissatisfied noises about the ballpark's neighborhood.

The demise of the classics has prompted Representative David E. Bonior, Democrat of Michigan, to introduce "The National Historic Ball Park Act" in Congress. If passed, it would give the U.S. Government the means to protect the four oldest parks once they are retired. "I decided something ought to be done in terms of the four old parks that were left—Fenway, Tiger Stadium, Yankee Stadium and Wrigley Field," Bonior says.

Yet even as the old ballparks vanish, a new generation, designed to evoke the feel of the older fields, is taking their place. Baltimore's Oriole Park at Camden Yards, which opened in 1992 to near-universal praise, is perhaps the best example. New facilities in Cleveland and Arlington, Texas, have also looked to the past. "We wanted a park that was unique and played so uniquely that the players had to think about how to play it," says David Schwarz, whose company, David M. Schwarz Architectural Services, designed the new stadium for the Texas Rangers. "It seemed that the individuality of the old parks was something that was worthwhile."

That's something Fenway has always done. Like an old New Englander, Fenway Park is a rugged individualist, with an unsymmetrical outfield featuring odd angles and quirky geography. The configuration was largely dictated by the park's location. Fenway is nestled into the city just across the Massachusetts Turnpike from busy Kenmore Square, and bounded by streets on each side. "You don't have any round areas in that ballpark with the exception of right field," says Bob Montgomery, who used to catch for the Sox and since 1982 has been broadcasting the games for local TV station WSBK. "Everything else in that ballpark is pretty much a straight line or some kind of sharp angle." Fenway's unique combination of lines and angles led Roger Angell to dub Fenway "the ultimate origami."

The left-field wall—the Green Monster—is Fenway's best-known landmark. Thirty-seven feet high and stretching 240 feet parallel to Lansdowne Street (recently renamed Ted Williams Way), the Green Monster makes pitchers tremble and hitters dream of glory. Though the closest point of "the Wall" to home plate is officially 315 feet, analysis of aerial photographs indicates it's probably only 304. Thanks largely to the Wall, it has become a truism in baseball that "no lead is safe in Fenway," for as local wisdom has it, "the Wall giveth—and the Wall taketh away."

"Every ball club that comes in there is enthusiastic, they want to come to Fenway," says left-hander Bill Lee, who pitched for the Sox for ten seasons starting in 1969. "It's not like, 'Oh no, we've got to go on the road and

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play in Fenway Park.' The pitchers tend to think that way, but they make up a minority of the ball club. All the hitters want to go there."

The Wall is also a challenge for fielders who have to play the balls that rebound off it. Mike Greenwell, who currently plays left field for the Red Sox, has been handling the plays off the Wall since 1987. "It's a learning experience every day," he says. "The ball comes off differently here different nights, and there are so many seams and so many different angles you get a lot of surprises out there sometimes. Hopefully I make fewer mistakes than the visiting left fielder."

The sinking of the *Titanic* was still front-page news in Boston on April 20, 1912, when, after a two-day rain delay, the new Red Sox ballpark opened for an audience of 24,000. The first game matched the Sox, known affectionately to Bostonians as "the Speed Boys," against the New York Highlanders, later renamed the Yankees. "So bright and blue" was the *Boston Globe*'s description of the day. "There was no time wasted in childish parades," the paper said. "Mayor Fitzgerald dignified the occasion by tossing out the new ball and the Speed Boys and Highlanders were soon at it, starting the game at 3:10 and closing the entertainment at 6:20 when Tristram Speaker, the Texas sharpshooter, with two down in the 11th inning and Steve Yerkes, on third, smashed the ball too fast for the shortstop to handle and the winning run came over the plate, making the score 7 to 6, and the immense crowd leaving for home for a cold supper, but wreathed in smiles to see the Speed Boys come from behind and by dint of staying prowess land the victory." It was a good beginning for the Sox, who would go on to win the World Series that year.

The Fenway of 1912 was a ballpark for a different era. Its seating capacity—35,000—and its general dimensions were large for the time. The left-field wall was then 320 feet from home plate, a distance thought so considerable that when first baseman Hugh Bradley hit one over, a newspaper's editorial cartoon read: "It doesn't seem human!" Perhaps the strangest feature was a ten-foot-high slope in left field, designed to provide a better view for spectators who were allowed to watch the game from the edges of the field. It was called Duffy's Cliff after outfielder Duffy Lewis, who was the acknowledged authority on the slope.

Thomas P. (Tip) O'Neill jr. would eventually go on to become a Congressman from Boston and then Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives, but before all that he was a Red Sox fan. "The first game I saw at Fenway was July 1, 1920," he recalled while waiting for the game to begin at Fenway 73 years later. "Walter Johnson pitched a no-run, no-hit game against the Red Sox. My father took me here. I was 10 years old, or 9½. What I remember about the game was that he retired six batters on six pitched balls."

When Tip O'Neill saw Walter Johnson pitch that no-hit game, it had been only two seasons since the Red Sox had won a World Series. And when Tip O'Neill died earlier this year, the Red Sox still had not won another World Series. Ask a Red Sox fan what's gone wrong and he may point the finger at Babe Ruth. Many people today remember Ruth only as the slugger in Yankee pinstripes, but at the start of his career he was a standout left-handed pitcher for Boston. Yet after the 1919 season, team owner and Broadway producer Harry Frazee committed an act that many say has cursed the Red Sox ever

Ted Williams accepted a Cadillac from friends at Fenway before duty as a Marine pilot in Korea, where he flew 63 combat missions.

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"Anything that deals with technology goes through me," says Jeff Goldenberg, Sox communications manager.

Organist Jim Kilroy says compact disks are inevitable because some songs "don't translate well to the organ."

since. Strapped for the money he needed for his plays, Frazee sold Ruth to the Yankees for $125,000 cash and a $350,000 mortgage on Fenway. Since then the team has been haunted by the so-called Curse of the Bambino.

There's no doubt that the Red Sox suffered after Ruth left, and Fenway suffered along with them. In 1926 the left-field bleachers burned to the ground, and attendance was so low that the new Red Sox owner, John A. Quinn, never bothered to replace them. Salvation for Fenway—if not necessarily for the Red Sox—came in 1933 when Thomas Yawkey, the adopted son of a former owner of the Detroit Tigers, turned 30 and inherited millions. One of his first acts was to buy the Red Sox, and he owned the team until his death in 1976. Yawkey also invested $750,000 to refurbish Fenway and hired the Osborn Engineering Company of Cleveland to oversee a complete redesign. Despite a five-alarm fire that destroyed much of the work on January 5, 1934, the improved Fenway opened on time on April 17, 1934.

It was in many ways a whole new Fenway. Duffy's Cliff was gone: left field had been taken over by the Wall, though it was covered with advertising and had yet to turn into the Green Monster. That transformation wouldn't take place until 1947, the same year Fenway got lights for night games.

The Red Sox have seen their share of peaks and valleys in the years since Yawkey arrived on the scene. Among the peaks were the late 1940s, when they fielded some great teams with the likes of Bobby Doerr, Johnny Pesky, Dom DiMaggio (a brother of the Yankee slugger Joe) and, of course, Ted Williams. "I think the Red Sox became a much-followed ball club in the days of Ted Williams," says Bob Montgomery. "He was the one who built Fenway like Ruth built Yankee Stadium."

Also known as "the Splendid Splinter," "the Kid" and "Teddy Ballgame," Ted Williams was interested in only one title: that of "the Greatest Hitter Who Ever Lived." When he arrived at Fenway in 1939, he was a skinny kid from San Diego with a chip on his shoulder. In 1941 he batted .406, the last time anyone in the major leagues has hit .400. When he retired from the Red Sox in 1960, he did it at Fenway by hitting a home run—number 521—his last time at bat.

Williams did get a boost from Red Sox management. In 1940 the team added the bullpens in front of the right-field bleachers, moving Williams' home-run territory 23 feet closer to the plate. The bullpens have been known as "Williamsburg" ever since. Fenway today includes two other mementos of Teddy Ballgame. In the right-field bleachers there's a bright-red seat that breaks

A native New Englander, Tom Huntington saw his first game at Fenway in 1967. He is the managing editor of AIR & SPACE/Smithsonian *magazine.*

"I've seen every ballpark, and I'll take Fenway over all of them," says Sox equipment manager Joe Cochran.

Joseph Mooney, the superintendent of grounds, insists that "the weather dictates everything in a ballpark."

ranks with the uniform rows of green ones. It marks the spot where one of Williams' home runs landed, after traveling 502 feet from home plate. Nearby, on the edge of the roof above the grandstand, is a large number 9—Williams' number, which retired along with him. (The other retired numbers on the roof are 1, 4 and 8, for Bobby Doerr, Joe Cronin and Carl Yastrzemski.)

Except for Williams, Red Sox fans in the 1950s had little to cheer about (and Williams' often volatile relations with the fans and the press sometimes kept him from getting cheered too). The early '60s were no better. The year 1966 was fairly typical, with the Sox finishing in next-to-last place.

Which only made 1967 seem that much more miraculous. In that year of "The Impossible Dream," the Red Sox, spearheaded by left fielder Carl Yastrzemski, fought their way to the American League pennant. Although Boston was defeated by the St. Louis Cardinals in the last game of the World Series, the season of "the Cardiac Kids" is a glorious memory for New England sports fans.

As is 1975, the year the Red Sox won another pennant and went on to face the Cincinnati Reds in the World Series. Again they lost it in the last game, but it's the game before that everyone remembers. Down 6-3 in the eighth inning at Fenway, the Red Sox came back to tie when pinch-hitter Bernie Carbo hit a three-run home run into the center-field bleachers. And that's how it remained until the bottom of the 12th inning, past midnight now, when catcher Carlton Fisk connected with the ball, then used body language to help will it into home-run territory just inside the left-field foul pole.

If that's a peak moment for Red Sox fans, then one of the deepest valleys is game six of the 1986 World Series against the New York Mets. In the tenth inning at Shea Stadium the Red Sox were only a single strike from their first world championship in 68 years when Boston's Bob Stanley threw a wild pitch that brought home the tying run. Then the Mets' Mookie Wilson hit a ground ball that went through first baseman Bill Buckner's legs, and scored the winning run. The Mets won the next game to end it all. Once again the Red Sox had come that close. Just like Sisyphus.

There have been other disappointments over the years, and New Englanders have taken to following each season with a bleak presentiment of doom. Perhaps it's something in the Puritan soul. New England Calvinists believed in the concept of predestination, which according to the Encyclopedia Britannica means "that God sovereignly chooses some to salvation but rejects others to everlasting torment." Red Sox fans understand this. Calvinist preachers never wrote for the *Boston Globe*, but their spirit was certainly on the premises in 1986 when a story in the paper began: "A fatalistic

gloom hangs over Boston. It's August and the Red Sox are in first place."

Now it's August again, and tonight the Red Sox will play a sold-out game against the New York Yankees, and Fenway will be alive with cheers and curses, roars of approval and groans of disappointment. Yet this morning the ballpark is relatively quiet, like a slumbering giant. Employee cars are parked here and there in the concourse beneath the stands. Employees of the Harry M. Stevens Company, which is in charge of the concessions at Fenway, work in the commissary room putting away hot dogs, rolls, french fries. Out on the field, the grounds crew is dutifully raking the infield and watering the outfield grass.

In the Red Sox locker room, equipment manager Joe Cochran is preparing for the night's game. Carpeted in red, the room is hardly luxurious. The high, gray ceiling with its exposed supports and pipes gives the place an industrial feel.

For a night game, Cochran usually arrives around 10:30 A.M. to hang up the uniforms when they arrive from the laundry room, located beneath the left-field grandstand. Then he sets out the game equipment—the helmets and especially the bats, which are manufactured to the individual specifications of the players.

Cochran has been equipment manager since the 1992 season. After attending the University of Maine, he started on the Fenway grounds crew, then moved over to work in the visitors' locker room. He now goes on the road with the team but has found there's no place like home. "I've seen every other ballpark, and I'll take Fenway over all of them," he says. "It's a small place but it's a good clubhouse. It's a homey clubhouse. We go to these new parks—Baltimore's, Toronto's—they're huge. You can go a whole day without seeing somebody."

A tunnel leads from the locker room to the dugout. Walk up the dugout steps and onto the field and you're in Joe Mooney's territory. He has worked here for 24 years, after a 10-year stint as groundskeeper at RFK Stadium in Washington, D.C. But don't ask the irascible Mooney what his title is in Boston. "I don't know what my title is," he says. "I couldn't tell you. I have no title." (The *Official Red Sox Yearbook* does list one Joseph Mooney as Superintendent of Grounds and Maintenance.) Casually dressed (to put it kindly), white-haired and with a face seemingly weathered by the New England elements, Mooney is a man who can be described as a "character."

Title or no, Mooney has been at the park since 7 this morning, not having left until almost midnight last evening. He and his crew take care of the park's expanse of Merion bluegrass, the sandy soil that makes up the infield, and the sand and clay of the pitcher's mound, which has to be carefully reshaped before each game. Crew size varies. As Mooney says, "The weather dictates everything in a ballpark."

Mooney, who played shortstop in an amateur league in Scranton, Pennsylvania, professes to have no interest in the Red Sox or even in baseball. "I couldn't even tell you who won the game last night," he says. He also claims no emotional attachment to Fenway. "It's a job," he says bluntly. Within a year, two at most, he will retire. And will there be a Joe Mooney day at Fenway? "I could care less," he says, "and I wouldn't want one."

If Joe Mooney, the man of the soil, personifies old Fenway, then manager of communications Jeff Goldenberg symbolizes the ballpark's next generation. He operates out of the control room, a glassed-in aerie over the 600 Club, a sleek modern facility the Red Sox added in 1989 above home plate. From here he oversees the proper functioning of Fenway's technology. "Basically anything that deals with technology, video, audio, goes through my fingers in some way," he says. That includes acting as liaison with the TV crews who televise the games, and assuming responsibility for the electronic scoreboard system, which was installed in 1988.

Balancing the old park with the new

As you might expect, wedding Fenway's old-fashioned bones with the modern overlay of electronic nerves and synapses does present a few problems. "Fenway Park was built before TV and before the sophisticated sound systems that are available now in your newer ballparks," Goldenberg says. "It's a battle to try to keep the esthetic look of Fenway in its historical perspective and also bring it into the '90s."

Along with the computers and digitizers and video monitors that fall under Goldenberg's purview, there's also the distinctly old-fashioned manual scoreboard in left field. Located in the middle of the Green Monster, it provides the fans with an inning-by-inning tally of runs and hits as well as scores from other American League

Tom Huntington

Before Sox-Yankees game, Dick Sweeney and son Ryan "advertise" for tickets to Fenway.

Fans besiege then first baseman Carlos Quintana with baseballs to be autographed.

John DeRosa, who has ushered at park for 23 years, removes hat for pre-game singing of the national anthem. During game, (below) fans enjoy another baseball tradition, the hot dog.

Red seat in right-field bleachers marks spot where a Ted Williams blast landed 502 feet from home plate.

games. The lights indicating balls and strikes are lit up at the push of a button in Goldenberg's control room, but the rest is still done by hand. Up close, the dings from innumerable line drives show up like pockmarks. Two white stripes down the scoreboard's face contain a series of dots and dashes: Morse code for the initials of the late Thomas A. Yawkey and his wife, Jean R. Yawkey, who succeeded him as club owner for a number of years.

Normally it takes two to run the scoreboard, but tonight Chris Elias, 22, is on his own. His partner has called in sick. A door at the edge of the scoreboard brings him into his workplace in the narrow, dusty heart of the Green Monster. "A lot of people would kill to have this job," says Elias as he puts up the metal strips bearing the names of the other teams playing around the country tonight. The numbers for runs and hits hang on hooks on the rear wall, ready to be slid into place during the game. The yellow numbers are used for an inning in progress; once the inning ends, Elias will slide the final, white, number into the slot.

As a place to watch a ballgame, the scoreboard offers no frills. It does have what Elias refers to as the "entertainment center": a dusty radio that sits on the concrete floor, with a tiny portable TV perched above it. A white phone on a stool next to a pad of paper and some pencils is the vital communications link that provides Elias with scores for ongoing games, which he updates on the board between innings. Ten-inch slits cut into the scoreboard allow Elias to watch the game. It's like looking out from a tank at a battlefield, and when balls hit the wall it can sound like that too. "It depends on how hard the ball's hit, obviously, and where it's hit on the wall, but it can get pretty loud," Elias says. "It startles you."

Up in the control room, organist Jim Kilroy prepares for the game. A piano-restorer from Salem, Kilroy took over the position from longtime Fenway organist John Kiley. (Kiley, who died last year, made Carlton Fisk's Game 6 home run even more transcendent by playing Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" as Fisk rounded the bases.) Kilroy's repertoire includes Broadway show tunes, popular songs and "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" for the seventh-inning stretch. Last season, the Red Sox broke with tradition and started using prerecorded compact disks during a few innings, and Kilroy sounds resigned when he explains why. "There are certain songs that don't translate well to organ, and the young people especially would like to hear their own music. That's why we do that."

As game time approaches, the concourse echoes to the rumble of wheels as vendors trundle laden carts of food to the concessions stands. Out on the street, fans are gathering. Dick Sweeney and his young son Ryan, both wearing Red Sox caps and shirts, stand hopefully on a corner with signs reading: "Father and son need 2 tickets." "I'm unemployed, so I just want to pay face value," says Sweeney. Good luck. Just down the street, a fat guy in a Yankees shirt, with a big gold chain around his neck, is trying to hawk an extra ticket for $85. "It's right next to the Yankees dugout," he says. Other fans, clutching balls, baseball cards and other autograph-friendly items, have gathered at the end of Van Ness Street, hoping for a glimpse of arriving ballplayers.

At 6 o'clock the gates open, and the first fans push through the turnstiles and run whooping down the ramp. Soon the hushed, slumbering Fenway of the morning has been transformed. Now the park is awake with the noise of the crowd and the smell of french fries, popcorn and hot dogs. An endless current of people rushes through the concourse. Many of them are kids with baseball gloves—in case a foul ball comes their way.

Hanging the Sox out to dry

Finally, Jim Kilroy plays the national anthem, and it's game time. Roger Clemens, the ace of the Boston pitching staff, throws his first pitch at 7:38 and it's soon apparent he isn't at his best. The Sox do manage a slight rally in the seventh, but the game's outcome is never really in doubt. At the top of the ninth the Yankees are ahead 8-3, and suddenly Fenway's aisles are clogged with people hoping to beat the traffic home.

After the game, members of the press mill about in the Red Sox clubhouse as the team feasts on a choice of tortellini with carbonara sauce, lasagna, chicken marsala, baby-back BBQ ribs, corn on the cob, Cajun rice and tossed garden salad. Outside, the field is dark except for a spot of brightness near the Yankees dugout where a camera crew sets up. Beyond the Wall, from its

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rooftop perch in Kenmore Square, Boston's famous Citgo sign continues to go through its neon paces. Tomorrow will be another day.

How many tomorrows will there be for Fenway? There's no doubt that the Red Sox would prefer a larger facility. In 1989 the team did make a $30 million investment in the future by adding, among other things, the 600 Club, which houses the press area and a 300-seat restaurant as well as Jeff Goldenberg's control center. Starting in 1981 the team also began adding luxury boxes, suites with a TV, bar and furniture that rent for $75,000 a season. In today's era of high salaries, luxury boxes are an essential way to make money.

As much as the Red Sox management tinkers with Fenway, the park's small seating capacity may ultimately be the kiss of death. "I think it may be getting to a point, because of age and because of its size, where they would not be particularly smart to invest a great deal of money in it," says Bob Montgomery.

Dom DiMaggio played there for ten years, and he too fears that Fenway won't last forever. "At some point in the future they may have to do it by necessity, but it will be a sad day," he says. "It's got so much tradition to it and so much history to it, and it's loved by all the people of New England." That affection derives in no small part from the fact that Fenway is not just a ballpark, it's a souvenir of a long-gone era when baseball games were played in the daytime, when teams traveled by train, and when a strike could not be called without a pitcher on the mound and a batter at the plate.

"A lot of people would kill to have this job," says scoreboard keeper Chris Elias, who spends every home game occupying his narrow workspace inside "the Green Monster," as Fenway's left-field wall is widely known.

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THE LATEST WORD ON TOURS, EXPEDITIONS AND LEARNING ADVENTURES

Fans lined up for a "Motortown" Christmas concert at Fox Theatre in Detroit, where the studio was located.

The Supremes (opposite) synchronized gestures while singing "Stop! In the Name of Love" at a 1965 show.

By Marian Smith Holmes

Who could resist the kind of music they made at Hitsville?

For years, black music was excluded from recording's mainstream. Along came Motown, and suddenly everyone was singing its tunes

It was nearly 3 A.M. but Berry Gordy couldn't sleep. That recording kept echoing in his head, and every time he heard it he winced. The tempo dragged, the vocals weren't perky enough, it just didn't have the edge. Finally, he got out of bed and went downstairs to the homemade studio of his struggling record company. He grabbed the phone and rang his protégé Smokey Robinson, who had written the lyrics and sang lead with a little-known group called the Miracles: "Look, man, we've got to do this song again . . . now . . . tonight!" Robinson protested, reminding Gordy that the record had been distributed to stores and was being played on the radio. Gordy persisted, and soon he had rounded up the singers and the band, all except the pianist. Determined to go ahead with the session, he played the piano himself.

Under Gordy's direction, the musicians picked up the tempo, and Robinson pepped up his delivery of the lyrics, which recounted a mother's advice to her son on finding a loving bride: "Try to get yourself a bargain son, don't be sold on the very first one. . . ." The improved version of "Shop Around" was what Gordy wanted—bouncy and irresistibly danceable. Released in December 1960, it soared to the top of the pop charts, stayed there for six weeks and became the company's first gold record. "Shop Around" was the opening salvo in a barrage of smash hits in the 1960s that turned Gordy's humble studio into a multimillion-dollar corporation and added a dynamic new word to the lexicon of American music: "Motown."

Gordy, a Detroit native, started the company in 1959, deriving its name from the familiar moniker "Motor City." Motown combined elements of blues, gospel, swing and pop with a thumping backbeat for a new dance music that was instantly recognizable. Competing for teen attention primarily against records by the Beatles, who were at the height of their popularity, Motown radically altered the public's perception of black music, which for years had been kept out of the mainstream.

White youths as well as black were captivated by the rhythmic new sound, though the musicians who produced it were black, and many of the performers were teenagers from Detroit's housing projects and rundown neighborhoods. Prodding and grooming those raw tal-

A jubilant Berry Gordy, Motown's founder and presiding genius, held up a Supremes' album in front of Hitsville U.S.A. in mid-1960s, when the group was consistently at the top of pop charts.

ents, Gordy transformed them into a roster of dazzling artists who stunned the pop music world. The Supremes, Mary Wells, the Temptations, the Miracles, the Contours, Stevie Wonder, the Marvelettes, Diana Ross, Marvin Gaye, Martha and the Vandellas, the Four Tops, Gladys Knight and the Pips, Michael Jackson—those were just some of the performers who had people singing and dancing all over the world.

In 1963, when I was 14 and completely infatuated with Motown music, I persuaded my dad to drive me past Hitsville U.S.A., which is what Gordy called the little house where he did his recording. We had just moved to Detroit from the East Coast, and the possibility of seeing some of the music makers was the only thing that soothed the pain of relocation. I was disappointed to find not one star lolling about in the yard, as was rumored to happen, but a few months later my dream came true at the Motown Christmas show in downtown Detroit. A girlfriend and I queued up at the Fox Theatre for an hour one chilly morning and paid $2.50 to see the revue. We rocked our shoulders, snapped our fingers, danced in our seats and sang along as act after act lit up the stage. I grew hoarse from screaming for the fancy footwork of the Temptations and the romantic crooning of Smokey Robinson. Today I still burst into song whenever I hear a Motown tune.

No longer star-struck but still awed by the company's unparalleled success, I recently visited Gordy at his hilltop mansion in Bel-Air, an opulent enclave of Los Angeles. We settled into a stately sitting room furnished with a plump damask sofa and large armchairs. An array of black-and-white photographs of family, Motown celebrities and other stars adorned the walls. Gordy was dressed casually in an olive-green sweatsuit. His 1950s processed pompadour has given way to a graying, thinning close-cut, but he remains exuberant and passionate about his music.

Twice during our conversation he steered me to the photographs, once to point out a youthful Berry with singer Billie Holiday at a Detroit nightclub, and again to show himself with Doris Day. Brash and irrepressible, he had sent Day a copy of the very first song he had written, almost 50 years ago, certain she would record it. She did not, but Gordy still remembers the lyrics and, without any prodding from me, rendered the ballad in his trilling tenor voice. His bearded face erupted into an impish grin as he finished. "With me you might get anything," he chuckled. "You never know."

He proudly read aloud excerpts from his autobiography, *To Be Loved*, due out this month from Warner Books. He talked about his life and the music and the people of Motown, his reminiscences burbling forth—stories animated with humor, snatches of songs and imitations of instruments. He told how he shirked piano practice as a child, preferring instead to compose boogie-woogie riffs by ear, and consequently never learned to read music. He recalled how 18-year-old Mary Wells badgered him at a nightclub one evening about a song she had written. After hearing her husky voice, Gordy persuaded her to record it herself, launching Wells on a course that made her Motown's first female star.

Marian Smith Holmes, an Assistant Editor at SMITHSONIAN, *has an 8-year-old daughter who is as crazy about Motown music as she once was.*

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A music lover since his tender years, Gordy didn't set out to build a record company. He dropped out of high school when he was a junior and spent a decade finding his niche. Born in 1929, the seventh of eight children, he inherited an entrepreneurial instinct from his father. Gordy senior ran a plastering and carpentry business and owned the Booker T. Washington Grocery Store. The family lived above the store, and as soon as the kids could see over the counter, they went to work serving customers. Young Berry hawked watermelons from his father's truck in the summer and shined shoes on downtown streets after school. On Christmas Eve, he and his brothers would huddle around an oil-can fire selling trees until late in the evening.

After quitting school, Gordy stepped into the boxing ring, hoping to pummel his way to fame and fortune, like Detroit's own Joe Louis, every black boy's hero in the 1940s. Short and scrappy, Gordy put in a tenacious but ultimately unrewarding few years before being drafted. When he returned from the Army, where he earned his high school equivalency diploma, he opened a record store specializing in jazz. Set on attracting an urbane audience, he eschewed the earthy, foot-stomping music of singers like John Lee Hooker and Fats Domino. Ironically, it was just what his customers wanted, but Gordy was slow to catch on, and his store failed.

He found work on the Ford Motor Company assembly line, earning about $85 a week attaching chrome strips to Lincolns and Mercurys. To relieve the tedium of the job, he made up songs and melodies as the cars rolled by. In the late '50s Gordy frequented Detroit's black nightclubs, establishing his presence, peddling his songs and mentoring other songwriters. His big break came when he met Jackie Wilson, a flamboyant singer with matinee-idol looks who had just launched a solo career. Gordy wrote several hit songs for Wilson, including "Reet Petite," "Lonely Teardrops" and "That is Why." It was during this time that he also met William (Smokey) Robinson, a handsome, green-eyed teenager with a mellow falsetto voice and a notebook full of songs.

Gordy helped Robinson's group, the Miracles, and other local wannabes find gigs and studios to cut records, which they sold or leased to big companies for distribution. There wasn't much money in it, however, because the industry regularly exploited struggling musicians and songwriters. It was Robinson who persuaded Gordy to set up his own company.

Such a venture was a major step. Ever since the dawn of the recording industry at the turn of the century, small companies, and especially black-owned companies, had found it almost impossible to compete in a business dominated by a few giants who could afford better promotion and distribution. Another frustration was the industry's policy of designating everything recorded by blacks as "race" music and marketing it only to black communities.

By the mid-'50s the phrase "rhythm and blues" was being used to refer to black music, and "covers" of R&B music began flooding the mainstream. Essentially a remake of an original recording, the cover version was

Smokey Robinson (right) taught Temptations words to "My Girl" backstage at Apollo Theatre in New York.

Team of Lamont Dozier (left), Eddie Holland and Brian Holland wrote many of Motown's biggest hits.

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sung, in this instance, by a white performer. Marketed to a large white audience as popular, or "pop," music, the cover often outsold the original, which had been distributed only to blacks. Elvis Presley rose to prominence on such covers as "Hound Dog" and "Shake, Rattle and Roll"; Pat Boone "covered" several R&B artists, including Fats Domino. Covers and skewed marketing of R&B music posed a formidable challenge for black recording artists. To make big money, Gordy's records would have to attract white buyers; he had to break out of the R&B market and cross over to the more lucrative pop charts.

Gordy founded Motown with $800 that he borrowed from his family's savings club. He bought a two-story house on West Grand Boulevard, then an integrated street of middle-class residences and a sprinkling of small businesses. He lived upstairs and worked downstairs, moving in some used recording equipment and giving the house a new coat of white paint. Remembering his days on the assembly line, he envisioned a "hit factory." "I wanted an artist to go in one door as an unknown and come out another a star," he told me. He christened the house "Hitsville U.S.A.," spelled out in large blue letters across the front.

"A beat you could hum in the shower"

Gordy didn't start out with a magic formula for hit records, but early on a distinct sound did evolve. Influenced by many types of African-American music—jazz, gospel, blues, R&B, doo-wop harmonies—Motown musicians cultivated a pounding backbeat, an infectious rhythm that kept teenagers gyrating on the dance floor. To pianist Joe Hunter, the music had "a beat you could feel and could hum in the shower. You couldn't hum Charlie Parker, but you could hum Berry Gordy."

Hunter was one of many Detroit jazzmen Gordy lured to Motown. Typically, the untrained Gordy would play a few chords on the piano to give the musicians a hint of what was in his head; then they would flesh it out. Eventually, a group of those jazz players became Motown's in-house band, the Funk Brothers. It was their innovative fingerwork on bass, piano, drums and saxophone, backed up by handclaps and the steady jangling of tambourines, that became the core of the "Motown Sound."

Adding words to the mix fell to the company's stable of producers and writers, who were adroit at penning squeaky-clean lyrics about young love—yearning for it, celebrating it, losing it, getting it back. Smokey Robinson and the team of Lamont Dozier and brothers Eddie and Brian Holland, known as HDH, were especially prolific, churning out hit after hit chock-full of rhyme and hyperbole. The Temptations sang about "sunshine on a cloudy day" and a girl's "smile so bright" she "could've been a candle." The Supremes watched a lover "walk down the street, knowing another lover you'd meet."

Martha and the Vandellas received bouquets from British fans, then did a little "Dancing in the Street."

Whether waiting for "Mr. Postman" or warning girls about a "Playboy," Marvelettes were crowd pleasers.

Spontaneity and creative wackiness were standard at Motown. The Hitsville house, open round the clock, became a hangout. If one group needed more backup voices or more tambourines during a recording session, someone was always available. Before the Supremes ever scored a hit, they were often summoned to provide the insistent handclapping heard on many Motown records. No gimmick was off-limits. The loud thumping at the beginning of the Supremes' "Where Did Our Love Go" is literally the footwork of Motown extras stomping on

He is blind, but Stevie Wonder played drums, piano and harmonica.

The Temptations' dazzling dance routines and dapper stage outfits were as impressive as their smooth songs.

Motown's Mary Wells chatted with Dick Clark on *American Bandstand.*

Marvin Gaye gave autograph to a group of young fans.

Michael (seated) was 10 when Diana Ross met Jackson Five at Motown.

wooden planks. The tinkling lead notes on one Temptations record came from a toy piano. Little bells, heavy chains, maracas and just about anything that would shake or rattle were employed to boost the rhythm.

An echo chamber was rigged up in an upstairs room, but occasionally the microphone picked up an unintended sound effect: noisy plumbing from the adjacent bathroom. In her memoirs, Diana Ross recalls "singing my heart out beside the toilet bowl" when her microphone was put in it to achieve an echo effect. "It looked like chaos, but the music came out wonderful," Motown saxophonist Thomas (Beans) Bowles mused recently.

Integrating symphonic strings with the rhythm band was another technique that helped Motown cross over from R&B to pop. When Gordy first hired string players, members of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, they balked at requests to play odd or dissonant arrangements. "This is wrong, this is never done," they'd say. "But that's what I like, I want to hear that," Gordy insisted. "I don't care about the rules because I don't know

Here, Gordy directs Diana Ross on set of *Mahogany*, a film they made in Rome in 1975. Ross designed the costumes worn by the main character she played.

what they are." Some musicians stalked out. "But when we started getting hits with strings, they loved it."

The people who built Motown recall Hitsville in the early years as a "home away from home," in the words of the Supremes' Mary Wilson. It was "more like being adopted by a big loving family than being hired by a company," the Temptations' Otis Williams wrote. Gordy, a decade or so older than many of the performers, was the patriarch of the whole rambunctious bunch. When the music makers weren't working they loafed on the front porch or played Ping-Pong, poker or a game of catch. They cooked lunch at the house—chili or spaghetti or anything that could be stretched. Meetings ended with a rousing chorus of the company song, written by Smokey Robinson: "Oh, we have a very swinging company / working hard from day to day / nowhere will you find more unity / than at Hitsville U.S.A."

Motown was not just a recording studio; it was a music publisher, a talent agency, a record manufacturer and even a finishing school. Some performers dubbed it "Motown U." While one group recorded in the studio, another might be working with the voice coach; while a choreographer led the Temptations through some flashy steps for a drop-dead stage routine, writers and arrangers might be banging out a melody on the baby grand. When not refining their acts, the performers attended the etiquette-and-grooming class taught by Mrs. Maxine Powell, an exacting charm school mistress. A chagrined tour manager had insisted the singers polish up their show-biz manners after witnessing one of the Marvelettes chomping a wad of gum while onstage.

Most of the performers took Mrs. Powell's class seriously; they knew it was a necessary rung on the ladder to success. They learned everything from how to sit in and rise gracefully from a chair, to what to say during an interview, to how to behave at a formal dinner. Grimacing onstage, chewing gum, slouching and wearing brassy makeup were forbidden; at one time, gloves were mandatory for the young women. Even 30 years later, Mrs. Powell's graduates still praise her. "I was a little rough," Martha Reeves told me recently, "a little loud and a little undone. She taught us class and how to walk with the grace and charm of queens."

When it came to striving for perfection, no one was tougher on the Motown crew than Gordy. He cajoled, pressured and harangued. He held contests to challenge the writers to come up with hit songs. It was nothing for him to require two dozen takes during a single recording session. He would insist on last-minute changes in stage routines; during shows, he took notes on a legal pad and went backstage with a list of complaints. Diana Ross called him "my surrogate father . . . controller and slave driver." He was like a tough high school teacher, Mary Wilson says today. "But you learned more from that teacher, you respected that teacher, in fact you liked that teacher."

Gordy instituted the quality-control concept at Motown, again borrowing an idea from the auto assembly line. Once a week, new records were played, discussed and voted on by sales people, writers and producers. During the week, tension and long hours mounted as everyone hustled to create a product for the meeting. Usually the winning tune was released, but occasionally Gordy, trusting his intuition, vetoed the staff's choice. Sometimes when he and Robinson disagreed over a selection, they invited teenagers in to break the impasse.

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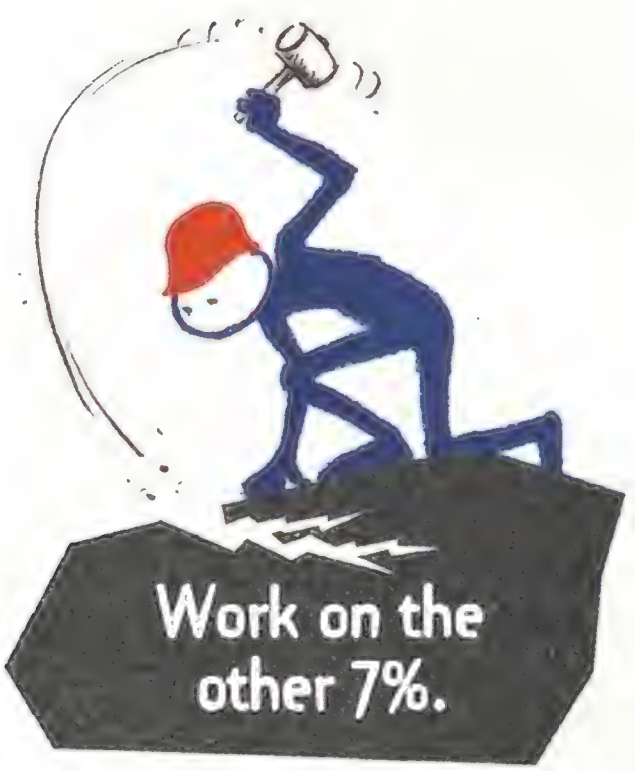

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Smokey Robinson (left) urged Gordy to start the studio that became Motown; friends hugged at 1981 reunion.

In 1962, thirty-five eager music makers squeezed into a noisy old bus for Motown's first road tour, a grueling itinerary of some 30 one-nighters up and down the East Coast. Several shows were in the South, where many of the young people had their first encounters with segregation, often being denied service at restaurants or directed to back doors. As they were boarding the bus late one night after a concert in Birmingham, Alabama, shots rang out. No one was hurt, but the bus was peppered with bullet holes. At another stop, in Florida, the group disembarked and headed for the motel pool. "When we started jumping in, everyone else started jumping out," Mary Wilson recalls, now laughing. After discovering that the intruders were Motown singers, some of the other guests drifted back to ask for autographs. Occasionally, when the revue played to a town's first integrated audience, or when, in the frenzy of a show, black and white teenagers danced together in the aisles, the music helped bridge the racial divide.

Though Motown was a black-owned company, a few whites recorded there and several held key executive positions. Barney Ales, the white manager of Motown's record sales and marketing, was dogged in his efforts to move the music into the mainstream—this at a time when some stores in the country would not even stock an album with African-Americans on the cover. Instead of a photograph of the Marvelettes, a rural mailbox adorns their "Please Mr. Postman" album.

Notwithstanding Ales' success, it was three black teenage girls from a Detroit housing project who made Motown a crossover phenomenon. Mary Wilson, Diana Ross and Florence Ballard auditioned for Gordy in 1960, but he showed them the door because they were still in school. The girls then began dropping by the studio, honoring all requests to sing background and clap on recordings. Several months later they signed a contract and started calling themselves "the Supremes."

Over the next few years, they recorded several songs, but most withered at the bottom of the charts. Then HDH merged plaintive singsong lyrics with a chorus of "baby, baby" and a driving beat, and called it "Where Did Our Love Go." The record catapulted the Supremes to No.1 on the pop charts and set off a chain reaction of five No.1 hits in 1964 and '65, all HDH compositions.

The young women continued to live in the projects for nearly a year, but otherwise their whole world changed. A summer tour with Dick Clark and an appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show* were followed by other TV spots, nightclub performances, international tours, magazine and newspaper articles, even product endorsements. They soon traded their homemade stage dresses for glamorous sequined gowns, the dusty tour bus for a stretch limousine.

With the Supremes' slicked-up sound leading the way, Motown proceeded to blaze a trail to the top of the pop charts, keeping pace with the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and the Beach Boys. Never mind that some fans complained that the Supremes' music was too commercial and lacked soul. Motown sold more 45 rpm records in the mid-'60s than any other company in the nation.

Show tunes and standards were "cornball"

Capitalizing on that momentum, Gordy pushed to broaden his market, getting Motown acts into upscale supper clubs, such as New York's Copacabana, and glitzy Las Vegas hotels. The artists learned to sing "Put on A Happy Face" and "Somewhere," and to strut and sashay with straw hats and canes. At first they were not entirely comfortable doing the material. Ross was crushed when a Manchester, England, audience started fidgeting while the Supremes sang "You're Nobody 'til Somebody Loves You." Smokey Robinson called the middle-of-the-road standards "cornball." Others were on unfamiliar territory, as well. Ed Sullivan once introduced Smokey and the Miracles thusly: "Let's have a warm welcome for . . . Smokey and the Little Smokeys!"

By 1968 Motown had exceeded all expectations and was still growing. That was the year the company set up headquarters in a ten-story building on the edge of downtown Detroit. Four years later Motown's first movie, *Lady Sings the Blues,* debuted. The story of Billie Holiday, played by Diana Ross, the film received five Academy Award nominations. Intent on further expansion into the film industry, Gordy moved the company to Los Angeles. Robinson had tried to dissuade him

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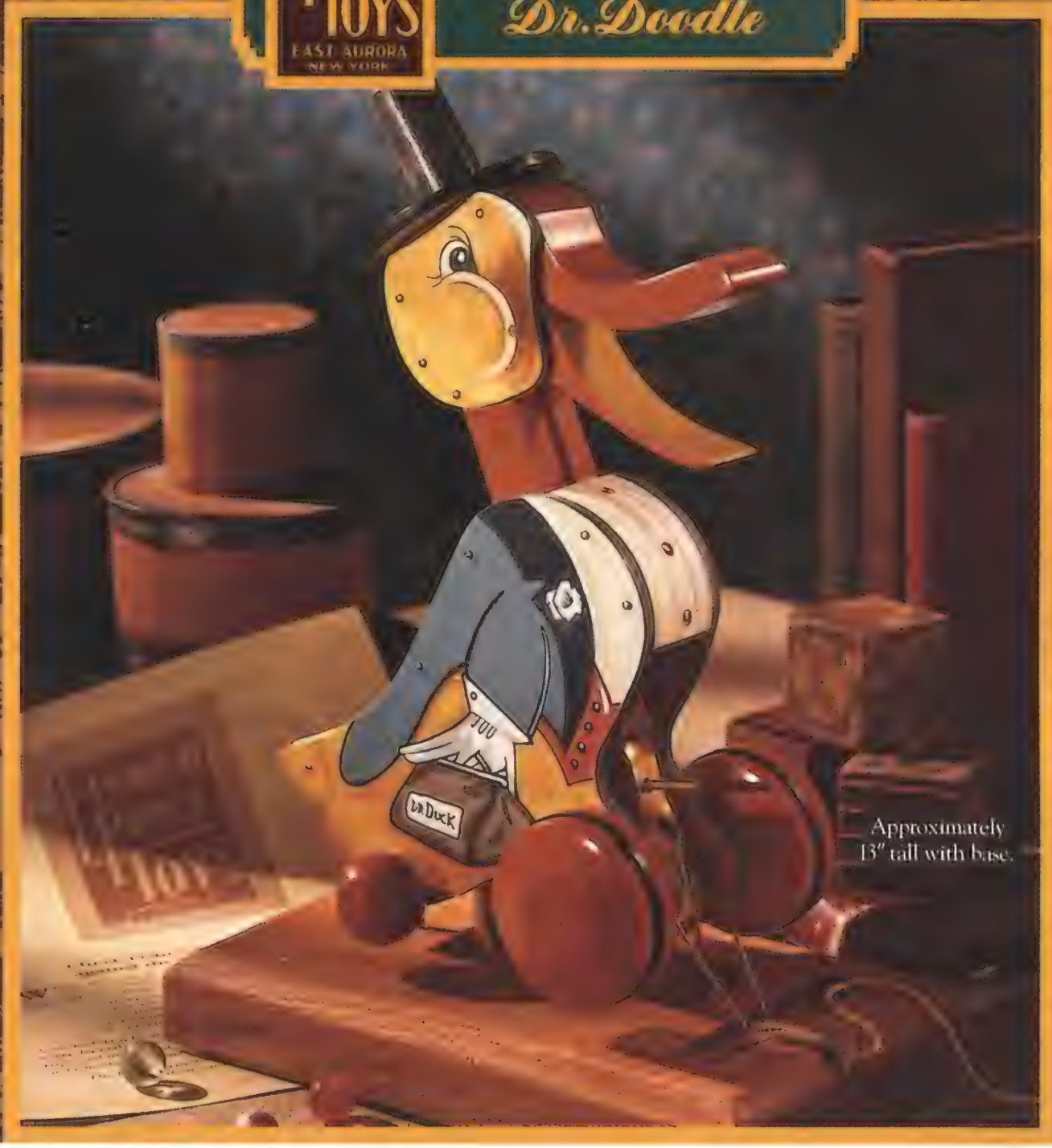

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How Motown stunned the music world

with a stack of books about the San Andreas Fault, to no avail. Gordy hungered to work his magic in Hollywood.

But the move to Los Angeles was the beginning of the end of Motown music's golden era. "It became just another big company instead of the little company that thought it could," Janie Bradford said recently. She started as a Motown receptionist, stayed with the company for 22 years and even helped Gordy write one of his early hits, "Money (That's What I Want)." After relocating, Gordy found little time for creating music or screening records. So much was changing. Lead singers left their groups for solo careers. Some wanted more creative and financial control. Gone were the house band and the cadre of young producers. Many of the performers, now famous, were being wooed away by other recording companies; some were disgruntled about old contracts and earnings, and complained that Motown had cheated them. Lawsuits ensued. Stories about Motown having a Mafia connection continually surfaced. Gossip and rumor have pursued Gordy for the past 20 years, but now he intends to clear the air in his autobiography.

In 1988 Gordy sold Motown's record division to MCA Records for $61 million. (Last year it was sold again to Polygram Records for more than $300 million.) At one time the most successful black-owned company in the country, Motown was sinking fast. Gordy had failed to keep up with digitalization, music videos and other technological wizardry, and his business had fallen behind. Selling the company was traumatic for him, but he is comforted by the fact that he held on to Motown's publishing arm. "Those songs are like my babies," he says.

Today fans can still experience the flavor of the early Detroit Motown. The blue-and-white Hitsville house is now a museum, founded by Gordy's sister, Esther Edwards. Not long ago, I took a walk through the exhibits with 68-year-old "Beans" Bowles, who, at 6 feet 5 inches, is as lanky as a stringbean. In the control room, he calls my attention to the scuffed floorboards showing through the worn-out linoleum, marking the spot where music makers tapped their feet to the beat. He runs his long, bony fingers over the bare patches on an old metal mixing board, testament also to the hundreds of hands involved. Even an aqua-colored vending machine just outside the door is suspended in time with its 10-cent candy bars. In the studio, where the original acoustical tiles jut from the walls like miniature pyramids, all seems ready for another recording session. The sheet music for "Stop! In the Name of Love" rests on the Steinway; microphones dangle from the ceiling. Floor mikes and music stands are positioned around the room.

Bowles and I amble through two floors of memorabilia, including a white toy piano, Stevie Wonder's harmonica, a copy of Gordy's promissory note to the family savings club, Michael Jackson's rhinestone glove, vintage costumes, gold and platinum records, and scores of photographs. From well-placed speakers, the Motown Sound suffuses the whole house, churning up memories and making us bob our heads and sing along. "It's a good feeling," Bowles says about his years at Motown. "You didn't realize when you were doing it that it was going to be so big."

The museum pictures depict the singers and musicians in their heyday, but for many the beat goes on. This summer I caught the Temptations and the Four Tops at an outdoor concert in Virginia, where thousands stood in a drizzling rain, clapping, singing and shaking their hips. Diana Ross, Stevie Wonder, the Temptations and others still record for Motown and are regulars on the Vegas circuit. Several Motown musicians play in the Detroit area on weekends.

Pilgrims at the house hits built

Though the Hitsville neighborhood is not what it used to be, the museum attracts a steady stream of visitors—a man from Australia whose mom used to sing Motown music to him, a fortysomething Ohioan who loves it "because you can understand the words," a group of local seniors who pay tribute to the aging Funk Brothers, the members of a white reggae band from New York who just finished a gig nearby and couldn't pass up an opportunity to learn more about "soul" music.

Esther Edwards started the museum after Motown moved to Los Angeles. As director of the company's Detroit operation, she maintained her offices at Hitsville, and people would often drop by uninvited to see where the Motown stars got their start. Then one day she looked out and saw "about 50 guys in white sailor uniforms" coming up the walk. In their British accents, the visitors explained that their ship had docked in Toledo, Ohio, 55 miles away, and they had rented some vans to come to Motown. "That was the turning point. I thought, well gosh, maybe we did make history here."

Schoolchildren look at pictures of stars in the museum now at the Hitsville house, where Michael Jackson is probably one of the few performers they can recognize.

Gordy, still ebullient at 64, enjoys creating bouncy melodies on the piano, nowadays just for fun. Although he has made millions from music, he never learned to read it.

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When office seekers say 'cheese,' they're taking a big gamble

An exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art explores the long, and sometimes uneasy, marriage between politics and photography

Abraham Lincoln credited portraits made by Mathew Brady with helping to get him elected. Innumerable pictures of John F. Kennedy that celebrated his youthful vigor and good looks did much to create the myth of Camelot. Hapless Michael Dukakis saw his campaign go on the skids when he was photographed manning a tank, looking more like Beetle Bailey than George S. Patton.

The powerful connection between the politician and the camera is revealed in "American Politicians: Photographs from 1843 to 1993," opening this month at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. For the exhibition and an accompanying catalog distributed by Harry N. Abrams, curator Susan Kismaric has chosen 175 pictures that demonstrate how politicians have used the photograph to their advantage—and sometimes to their dismay.

In the 19th century, the limitations of the new technology allowed for little more than formal portraits. Later, "candid" photographs—usually made under circumstances controlled by the candidate—brought us countless images of politicians kissing babies and donning silly hats. In recent decades, with candidates more accessible and their private lives under close scrutiny, the game has changed. Today photographs can be disseminated almost instantaneously or even altered electronically. Fast, motorized cameras can catch a grimace or a stumble as easily as they can capture a statesmanlike gesture. As many a politician could attest, the photo op has become a risky business.

Marlane A. Liddell

In a picture that he probably wished had never been taken, goggle-eyed candidate Wendell Willkie seemed about to topple from a campaign convertible in 1940.

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In the days of long exposures, Gen. Ulysses S. Grant needed a head brace to stay motionless for the camera.

At ease before the lens, Teddy Roosevelt cultivated his macho aura as a warrior, explorer and outdoorsman.

Presidents have always seized the moments for photo ops with athletes, although Calvin Coolidge, in presenting a trophy to the Marines captain after a game with Army, should have resisted the temptation.

To guard against the public seeing him in a wheelchair, Franklin D. Roosevelt was always photographed from the waist up. Here, he is reviewing the fleet from the bridge of the USS *Houston.*

But he also liked to be seen as a family man; this White House portrait of the clan was made in 1908.

No jogger he, ample and well-tailored William Howard Taft seemed the picture of statesmanlike authority.

Movie stars and politicians have always liked sharing the limelight. These days, it's Bill Clinton and Barbra Streisand. In 1945, a leggy Lauren Bacall and an owlish Harry Truman rendered a duet at the National Press Club Canteen. Lensmen would try to catch their quarry off guard. Philippe Halsman humanized a remote-looking Richard Nixon by having him leap in the air for a "jump" picture (below). So taken was Nixon, he later had Halsman do his Presidential portrait. Not so lucky was Gerald Ford when Peter Bregg caught him stumbling from Air Force One, hardly burnishing his image as a surefooted statesman.

In what appears to be an emotion-charged moment, a concerned JFK seems to be restraining a ferocious Lyndon Johnson. In fact, LBJ was only trying to get airplane engines shut down for a press conference.

Peering molelike from beneath tanker's helmet, Michael Dukakis looked anything but Presidential, and this picture helped to doom his candidacy. Maybe Teddy Roosevelt could have pulled it off.

With an inappropriate gesture during the 1992 Presidential campaign, a stiff-looking George Bush appears to be telling Floyd Realbird, a Crow medicine man, that "they went that-a-way."

A polished performer, Ronald Reagan knew how to dominate a room with his televised image. Bill Owens captured a be-uniformed Reagan in rerun when he was the governor of California.

During a low point in the campaign, Bill and Hillary Clinton were photographed in an intimate moment by P.F. Bentley, who was given access to help Clintons repair tattered image.

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By Bil Gilbert

Stalking the blue bear: the fine art of Walter Anderson

Living in isolation on his beloved Gulf Coast, this eccentric, driven artist strove to create a meaningful union between art and nature

The late Walter Anderson had strong convictions about the responsibilities and rights of a true artist, the only thing it seems—from autobiographical and biographical accounts—he ever considered he should or could be. For both practical and ethical reasons, Anderson believed he should spend a portion of his time and talent providing ordinary people with "decorations," that is, good but inexpensive pieces of art that would illuminate their lives with some beauty. He discharged this duty, mainly, by designing and decorating pottery while working with his two brothers, who produced quality ceramic ware. Having thus paid his social rent and generated some income—seldom more than $10 a week—Anderson felt free to paint and draw as he pleased in order to explore his own psyche, or, as he often put it, to "realize" himself and the world around him.

During the last 30 years of his life, which ended in 1965, Anderson's behavior became by conventional measures increasingly eccentric and, at times, mad. As it did, the geographical and spiritual destination for his voyages of inner discovery increasingly became Horn Island. This is a narrow, 13-mile-long barrier island that lies about 10 miles out in the Gulf of Mexico from Ocean Springs, Mississippi, a town near which Anderson spent most of his adult life. Horn Island has only occasionally been inhabited during this century and is now managed by the National Park Service as a federal wilderness area, rich in flora and fauna, sea and landscapes.

Loading a 12-foot skiff with paper, paints and a few rations, Anderson would row across the open water to the island. In adverse weather the passage might take most of a day or night, was often dangerous and always exhausting. Once there he customarily slept under the overturned boat, ate sparingly and stoically endured the elements of the place. Of a fairly ordinary day on Horn Island he wrote in his journal: "I made a drawing of a bittern's nest while the flies stung; later a water color under my boat while the rain poured. Such is the life of an artist who prefers nature to art. He really should cultivate art more but feels that his love of art will take care of itself if it has things to feed upon."

When he returned to the mainland Anderson lived alone in a ramshackle cottage into which others, including his wife and children, were rarely welcomed. Regularly he emerged to decorate pottery with his brothers. Occasionally he rode a bicycle to the grocery, hardware or liquor store in Ocean Springs.

In the 30 years since his death, Anderson has come to be regarded by critics and collectors as a 20th-century American master whose talent and visions were so wild and original as to defy conventional artistic classification. This reputation is based not on the decorations that he intended for public consumption but on his private "realizations," which were principally watercolors of the plants, animals, land, water and weather of Horn Island. Somewhat ironically, considering how his works are now valued, Anderson, according to his own testimony, drew and painted these things not to capture images for others but rather so that he could better mingle and become one with his subjects. Beyond realizing himself in this way, he felt he must help nature to realize itself by finding and giving form to essences that might never materialize without his artistic intervention. In this role he reckoned his function was: "To be a justification to the little black and white ducks. To appreciate the great cumulus clouds and to judge between winter and summer which shall win the yearly war of the ellipse. To laugh and give reason to the love affairs of the birds. . . . To count the stars and keep them in their places. To be a servant and slave of all the elements."

The Horn Island wilderness seemingly served Anderson as burning candles did medieval mystics, who by contemplating points of flame hoped, it has been reported, to achieve union with absolute powers and forces. For whatever reasons, Anderson's drawings and paintings, most of which were made on sheets of typing paper, were not of much more significance to him than candles or matches since they were only the means he used to transport himself elsewhere. He showed, even informally to his family, very few of them and once re-

Brilliant birds seem to burst from the sun in the commotion of color entitled *Hawks in Sunset* (c. 1960).

Radiant young Bob and Sissy exchange devoted looks on their wedding day, April 29, 1933, in Ocean Springs.

marked that offering them to the public was probably as futile as feeding bread to stones. Once they were completed, he took only a casual interest in preserving the watercolors. Many were apparently carried off by the wind and water, while others were used to start fires. When, after his death, family members entered the forbidden mainland cottage, they found several thousand of them crammed haphazardly, mildewing, in bags and boxes. Portions of others had been shredded by nesting rats or used to chink holes in the walls and windows.

As to his merits as an artist, Anderson can and should be judged only by his surviving drawings and paintings. But there are other sources of information about what kind of a man he was.

Anderson thought that writing "cleansed" the mind and imagination. Therefore he kept voluminous journals which, reflecting his self-image as a long-distance metaphysical traveler, he referred to as "logs." Despite this orderly inference many were undated, often written on the backs of his paintings or on paper bags. His eldest daughter, Mary, recalls that on rare occasions he would read aloud a passage from one of the logs, but otherwise the contents of them remained secret until after his death. In 1973 about a quarter of the thousand pages he left were published by the Memphis State Press as *The Horn Island Logs of Walter Inglis Anderson.*

In both the published and unpublished writings there is a free-form mix of observations about nature, art and his own psyche; philosophical speculation, imaginative conceits and aphorisms:

• "Then I looked up into a dead pine tree beyond and

The compelling landscape of Horn Island was both refuge and muse to Anderson. Above, looking north toward mainland, slash pines are limned against the sky. In oil at left, the artist caught island at the "magic hour," just before sunset.

saw a young heron climb up, using feet, wings, and the point of his bill. Then it reached a branch and stood and stretched and stretched silhouetted against an enormous white cloud. It seemed that with very little it would climb the cloud and take the Kingdom of Heaven by force. God knows it needs taking. I drew in ecstacy. It was a concentrated image which nothing could take from me."

- "Certain animals are all one—like porpoises—but others altho they maintain their integrity as individuals have fins, tails, and even wings added almost as jewelry."
- "You should not grow in one direction like an automobile but in five like a star."
- "Order is here [Horn Island] but it needs realizing."
- "My thoughts are like yellow butterflies. They take their color from the sun but are gone with the wind. He who would catch my thoughts must have a net with a long handle."

With the above warning in mind, the logs of Anderson may give some glimpses of his inner self, but they are short on ordinary, this-and-then-that-happened details about the activities of the outer man. In this regard, his primary biography is in fact an autobiography, that of his wife, the late Agnes Grinstead Anderson. Titled *Approaching the Magic Hour*, it was published by the University Press of Mississippi in 1989. It is an intimate, moving account written by an insightful woman of her relationship with a man whom she variously, often simultaneously, loved and admired greatly, feared, suffered and, to the end of his life, tried to "realize."

Anderson, nicknamed "Bob," was born in 1903 to parents of means and social position. His father, George Walter, was a New Orleans grain merchant and, recreationally, a sportsman and naturalist who took Bob on outings to Lake Pontchartrain. His mother, Annette, was a painter of some ability who believed that artists were secular shamans whose genius freed them from many ordinary social restraints. Early on she introduced her sons—Peter, Bob and Mac—to various fine arts and set them to work at home design and drawing projects.

When he was 11 years old, Bob was sent to a boarding school in Manlius, New York, and thereafter to the Parsons Institute of Design in New York City and to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. He was an outstanding student at the latter school and received, among other awards, a travel grant in 1927 to continue his studies in Europe. Finding the formal instruction in Paris restrictive and unimaginative, he left there after a few months and spent the rest of his year abroad traveling.

While Anderson was being so educated, his parents retired from New Orleans to live permanently at Ocean Springs on a shoreside property where they had previously summered. In this wooded, 26-acre compound, Peter Anderson established the Shearwater Pottery, a business that is still operated there by later generations of the family. When Bob returned from Europe in 1929, Peter was courting Patricia Grinstead, the daughter of William Grinstead, a prominent Pittsburgh attorney

A full-time naturalist, Bil Gilbert is an amateur painter and frequent contributor to this magazine; he wrote about Westering pioneers in May 1994.

who owned a pre-Civil War plantation house called Oldfields, about 15 miles east of Ocean Springs, where he and his family spent their summers. Patricia and Peter were married in the spring of 1930, and that summer Bob became a frequent-to-constant visitor at Oldfields. The attraction for him was a second Grinstead daughter, Agnes, who was called "Sissy."

He was then a lithe, athletic 27-year-old who enjoyed sports, nature, dancing, singing and reciting romantic poetry. According to old photographs he was also a young man of exceptional, dark and brooding, good looks. She was 21 and can fairly be described as a blonde beauty. Sissy Grinstead had spent a year in Versailles at a French finishing school, another at the Sorbonne. In the summer of 1930 she was between her junior and senior years at Radcliffe College. There she majored in fine arts and was already in love with the "notion" of artists. No one she had met before looked and acted more like one than did Bob Anderson.

One hot afternoon not long after she arrived at Oldfields, Sissy was awakened from a nap by Anderson, who said they must go for a walk. She went with him, following him around the side of the house, where he took her in his arms, saying he passionately loved and wanted to marry her. She fled. He pursued, insisting that she at least think seriously about his proposal. Then they came to a small pond. "Dragonflies were dipping above it," Sissy recalled. "Some of them were coupled, and I blushed. 'Is that what you're afraid of?' Anderson asked. 'I would never push you, never.' Then, 'The color! Look at the color of their bodies.'"

To cool themselves they sat at the edge of the pond. Anderson took out a sack of King Bee tobacco and rolled them each a cigarette. "Suddenly," wrote Sissy, "I smelled the odor of burned flesh. He had pressed the coal at the end of the cigarette against the flesh of his clenched palm. He never flinched. A terrible shiver of wonder went through me. Emotionally, I was very young. I liked romance vicariously. None of my casual contacts with the opposite sex at college quite prepared me for Bob. . . . Each time we were together there were sparks."

Toward the end of the summer, while they were sailing in the Gulf, Anderson forcefully pressed his suit. Sissy pulled away, saying: "I like quietness and tenderness, Bob. You make for violence and storms." Thereupon Anderson told her she would have to sail home alone since he intended to jump out of the boat and drown himself. "Such passion makes its own claims," Sissy wrote. "I heard myself agreeing to become engaged."

Her father was opposed to the engagement, but when

Anderson sold hand-colored linoleum prints for $1 a foot; typical is *Clouds, Pelican, and Waterspout* (c. 1945).

Anderson presented him with a detailed plan outlining how he would support Sissy, the old man relented. Nevertheless, Sissy was immediately shipped off to relatives in Kentucky. Then, in the spring of 1932, William Grinstead suffered a physical collapse from which he never fully recovered. With him, his wife and daughter left Pittsburgh, moving permanently to Mississippi. There, in April 1933, Sissy and Bob were married. They lived initially on his parents' property at Ocean Springs in the cottage that later became Anderson's hermitage.

Summarizing Sissy's account of their life together badly distorts it, but a single episode gives some sense of the memoir and relationship. The couple delighted in classical music, but though they had received a phonograph as a wedding gift, seldom could afford records since their only income was the $10 a week Bob received for ceramic work. In the summer of 1934, Sissy "scrimped incredibly" to buy Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* as a surprise for Bob on his 31st birthday, which fell on Saint Michael's Day, September 29. Early that morning she presented it, wishing her husband "Happy Saint Michael's Day." "God damn Saint Michael," he retorted. After listening to the record for a few moments, he smashed it to bits on the floor, stomped on the fragments and ran out of the house into the adjacent woods.

To realize the perspective of birds

Anderson not having returned, his wife set off in the afternoon to look for him. Forcing her way through thickets she finally found him standing on a branch high up in a scrub pine. This was not unusual since he had become convinced that to understand other species he needed to act like them—for example, to perch in treetops to realize the perspective of birds. When Anderson saw Sissy below, crying and disheveled, he laughed and called, "How wonderful! I was just wishing for you." Then, wrote Sissy, "Down he came, swinging from branch to branch like any monkey. No preliminaries, he just seized the object of his desire, flinging me on the grass, and that was that."

During the next few years Anderson's behavior became more bestial, in the several senses of the word, and, on occasion, suicidal. On a night in March 1937 Sissy followed him out of bed and through the brambles toward a highway overpass. From there, he urged, they should jump, throwing themselves under the wheels of a Greyhound bus. Climbing up to the bridge through the sharp scree, Sissy, who was then pregnant, fell down the slope, somehow managing to pull Bob with her. He allowed himself to be led back to the house, but the following morning he entered a dog mode, stripping off his clothes to cavort about on all fours, barking and snapping at his wife. When Annette Anderson came by she found her Bobby with his teeth fixed in the calf of

The artist immortalized a beached Horn Island octopus in 35 watercolors after his attempts to save it failed.

Privy to the island's secrets, Anderson sought nesting sites to study the fledging birds; here, *Young Heron.*

The Gulf Coast's blue crab also intrigued him. In this study, claw with barnacle resembles a bird's beak.

To Anderson, doing still-lifes was "one way of repaying the debt which we owe to the Earth," as in *Seashell.*

Sissy's leg. This convinced even his mother that her son needed help. She agreed to and paid for his treatment as a patient at Johns Hopkins' Phipps Clinic in Baltimore.

Anderson was released after a regimen of drug therapy and came home in the summer of 1938. A few months later, after threatening his wife and infant daughter with an ax, he returned to another Maryland clinic. Shortly thereafter he subdued an attendant and escaped into a winter storm, wearing only a hospital gown. Exactly where and how he lived during the next four months remains a mystery, but in July 1939 he showed up, gaunt and silent, at the cottage in Ocean Springs. Again he became violent, brandishing a butcher knife, after which he remorsefully requested that he be sent to a state mental hospital near Jackson, Mississippi. He soon left that institution, on sheets through a window. As he descended, it was said, he decorated the building with sketches of birds in flight, drawn with a bar of soap.

Returning home, Anderson became more solitary but less threatening than he had been. Mainly he was drawing pen-and-ink illustrations of works of classical literature and natural history, among others: Pope's *Iliad,* Milton's *Paradise Lost* and Coleridge's *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.* Some 10,000 of these sketches were found after his death (SMITHSONIAN, February 1977).

Strange and secretive as his own world was, Anderson seemed to be functioning harmlessly in it, and a sympathetic psychiatrist advised: "Don't push him in any way. Tensions build up when someone tries to force his behavior. Let him be." For the remainder of his life, Anderson's family generally did so.

In 1940 Sissy Anderson moved from the Ocean Springs cottage to Oldfields, remaining there for eight years with her raddled father, her children—of which there were eventually two daughters and two sons—and Bob, who was incredibly prolific during these years. In addition to the thousands of pen-and-ink illustrations, he churned out hundreds of linoleum-block prints, wood carvings, ceramic figurines, daily calendar drawings and watercolors. In December 1946, however, he left Oldfields for good, taking up his solitary residence back at the cottage in Ocean Springs. Although his interest in the children was minimal, he continued to tell Sissy how much he loved and needed her. With equal passion he explained that they could not be long or often together because "I'm an artist. It comes over me like a physical craving, like hunger or sex, a necessity, a burning, a pulling of the thread tighter and tighter. . . . I feel as if I might die, disintegrate, if I can't record the image. . . . I'm a selfish brute."

Gradually Sissy resigned herself to the fact that Bob would be "a painter always, a lover at times, a husband and father never." But both Bob and Sissy seem to have thought of their marriage as a fortunate symbiotic union without which neither could have realized themselves as they did—he through art and she through nurturing the artist. Certainly Sissy's autobiography reads as that of a woman who was proud, not regretful, about what she had accomplished in her life and marriage.

Friends sometimes teased that when Sissy swore, she said, "Bob damn it." Reflecting on this she wrote: "Did I really think of him as God? I hardly think so, but I knew that he represented something far superior to the ordinary human herd. . . . It must have been the tremendous creative surge that gave him his godlike quality. He knew things not only by observation but by a sort of intuition . . . that he himself was later to define as the ability to become one with any living thing—tree, flower, ant, bird, man."

Alone on his island, Anderson wrote of Sissy: "I should lie awake all night before her door and when she waked from troubled sleep present her with a lily patterned with dew, each drop containing water from that sea as yet untainted by the salt of our necessity."

Horn Island—his only true sanctuary

Following the death of her father in 1948, Sissy moved back with the children to Ocean Springs, where she supported the family by teaching school, living with her mother-in-law in a renovated barn at the family compound. She remained in Ocean Springs until her death in 1991. As for Bob, from the early 1950s onward he was more and more on Horn Island, which became his principal and perhaps only true sanctuary and sanatorium. Log entries sometimes hint at the reasons for this.

- "It is necessary for me to go to sea to find the conditional. Everything seems conditional on the islands."
- "There [on Horn Island] is no precedent. All things exist in themselves. Have an integrity of their own. The wind, the grass, and the little animals that move through

"The first time I gave her a diamond ring I didn't hear the answer. I saw it."

I'll always remember that face.
The smile bordering on a tear.
Eyes as lively as the diamond
I nervously slipped on her finger.
And now that we have come
so far together, perhaps it's time to
celebrate that love, again, with a
diamond as exceptional as our love.

Exceptional woman. Exceptional diamond.

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the grass. . . . I am continually arriving from some strange planet and everything I see is new and strange."

There is a bit of circumstantial evidence that suggests the extent to which Horn Island supported Anderson. During the last 18 years of his life he was, when on shore, a chain-smoker and frequent drunk, cheap beer and wine being his tipple. But he never took tobacco or alcohol with him when he rowed out to sea in his skiff.

Well aware, as the Horn Island logs indicate, of the first rule of ecology—that change is constant—Anderson often worked at a frantic speed to realize his subjects before they became something else.

• "I am a painter, so this morning I did two water colors of it [a young heron] before I got out of bed. This does not mean that I am going to be content with that one image for the rest of my life. It will generate power in me for a while, then I need another. One image succeeds another with surprising regularity on Horn Island."

• "The bird flies and in that fraction of a fraction of a second man and bird are real."

Anderson was an unsentimental naturalist who made no sharp distinctions between the quick and dead. "I spent the morning painting a dying cormorant. . . . I picked it up on the outer beach yesterday, and it spent the night under the boat with me, having convulsions at intervals. I hoped it would live but it didn't."

Anderson was equally dispassionate about his own circumstances. Often his hands and head were grotesquely swollen from the bites of mosquitoes, always a torment on Horn Island. Of them he once wrote: "I could feel and hear them thinking their way in to bite, to live to go on living." On another day: "I have an open cut on my foot. I thought it was getting along pretty well. I was painting, and it began hurting. . . . Finally I looked and it was swarming with red ants—getting breakfast."

Perhaps his closest brush with joining the absolute on Horn Island came when he was swimming across a tidal lagoon and stopped to investigate a red-winged blackbird's nest. Parting the rushes, he was bitten by a cottonmouth moccasin. Shaking and vomiting, he stumbled three miles back to his camp. His intention was to slash across the fang marks and try to draw the venom from his hand. But in camp he found only a dull table knife. He started a fire to heat water, thinking that if he soaked his hand he might soften it enough to make a cut. In the process he fainted. When he came to, the fire had spread into the dry grass. For hours he attempted to beat it out. "Sometimes I would fall and lie half-conscious, just out of the reach of the flames. The fire got into the little grove of pines behind the camp. . . . It was all my fault. I wept and howled and was powerless to save a single tree, a single little bird or bunny."

The fire having burned itself out, Anderson stumbled down to the beach where he was found the next morning, semicomatose, by two fishermen. They picked him up and took him to Sissy, who got him to a doctor. He recovered in a few days. Thereafter, a joke in Ocean Springs went that Bob Anderson had been bitten by a moccasin and survived but, miraculously, so had the snake.

In September 1965, after living through a ferocious hurricane on Horn Island, Bob told Sissy that he was, and had been for two years, spitting up quantities of blood. She called her family doctor, who advised that she drive him to a New Orleans hospital for tests. He

In a kaleidoscope of color, the walls and ceiling of the "Little Room" at the artist's Ocean Springs cottage were adorned with murals that rendered the flora and fauna of the Mississippi Gulf Coast.

Dewar's
PROFILE:
JAY CARPENTER
HOME:
Washington, D.C.
AGE
33.
PROFESSION:
Sculptor. Completed nearly 500 works for the Washington National Cathedral.
INSPIRATION:
"Bernini, Keith Richards and the true rock of all men—my dad."
SECRET AMBITION:
"To stand on a podium in a foreign country, as they give me the gold medal and play our national anthem, just for me."
FUTURE HOPE:
"To truly keep on loving what I do. I hope I never adopt the attitude of another day, another gargoyle."
FAVORITE TIME TO ENJOY DEWAR'S:
"I guess it varies. After work, with friends. You could say this is one rule of mine that's definitely not written in stone."

Dewar's "White Label" ◇ 1993 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., NY, NY · Blended Scotch Whiskey · 40% ALC/VOL (80 Proof)

Wooden cormorant, carved by Anderson in 1940s, perches atop salvaged dinghy he used for trips to Horn Island.

died there on the 30th of that month, suffering a massive heart attack after an operation for lung cancer.

Following the funeral, Sissy and her sister, Patricia, went into Anderson's cottage. Working their way through the litter of logs, paintings, sketches, beer cans, wine bottles, cigarette butts and rats' nests, they came to the door of a 12-by-14-foot room that Anderson had added on to the cottage. Entering, they were met by what can fairly be described as an explosion of art. The walls, window frames and ceiling of the little room were completely covered with a mosaic of figures—animal, vegetable and mythic—against and rising out of clouds, trails and puffs of brilliant primary colors. Pat Anderson gasped, "It's Creation at sunrise."

In the room the sisters found a handwritten copy of the 104th Psalm from the King James Bible. Anderson's ambition had been to realize the psalm by painting one (if not the first) Mississippi day, from dawn to nightfall.

This was the second of Anderson's two enormous—in size and scope—murals, now considered to be among the finest works of this genre created by an American artist. The first chronologically is on the walls of the gymnasium-size Ocean Springs Community Center, which Anderson "decorated" as a public service for a fee of $1 shortly after it was built in 1950. He took as a subject the flora, fauna, native people, weather and topography of the Mississippi Gulf Coast as they appeared when the first French settlement was established there in 1699. When he finished, not a few residents were aghast, arguing that what crazy, drunken Bob had done in the fine new building was disgraceful and should be painted over to spare the community embarrassment. But the more progressive elements prevailed.

Following his death, the family and admirers of Anderson began raising money, eventually $1.5 million, to build a public facility where some of his surviving works could be displayed. As a result, in 1991, the year in which Sissy died, the Walter Anderson Museum of Art was opened in Ocean Springs. It was designed by Edward Pickard, an architect of national reputation who is the husband of Anderson's daughter Mary. The main exhibition gallery is flanked by and opens onto two pre-existing structures: the Community Center, which is still used as such, and the "Little Room," which was moved intact from Anderson's cottage to the museum.

"True art," Anderson wrote, "consists of spreading wide the intervals so that imagination may fill the space between the trees." Many of his paintings reflect this conviction, but, perhaps simply because he had so much space, it is especially obvious in the big murals. For example, there is a particularly powerful section on the north wall of the Community Center: from across the big room, somewhat like a distant forest or mountain range, it appears to be a fantastic kaleidoscope of mingled shapes and colors. But as one approaches, sharp, specific images emerge. The principal one in this panel is of a bear. It is accurate in conformation and scale, but it is blue. Draped around, sometimes seeming to grow out of the bear, are hot-pink and orange butterflies, vines and flowers. The immediate effect is bizarre, but the images linger and become more provocative.

My guess as to why this is: in addition to having a wonderful command of light and line, Anderson made himself into, or tortured himself to be, what might best be called an existential ecologist. As such he seems to have reached much the same conclusion as have many other observant fabulists, theologians, philosophers and scientists. It is that nature, being everything, everywhere, is too abundant and complex for such as us to "know" intellectually; it can at best only be imagined. It seems to me that Anderson devoted much of his life to trying to illustrate this central reality, that we live and can only realize ourselves in a world of mystery. The component elements of it are transitory, always changing in shape, color and function. But they are so imperatively connected and interdependent that however they appear at a given moment, they are always, collectively, part of the same, single whole.

In at least one of his natural observations—about the appetite of stones—Anderson's imagination failed badly. His cult, among artists and naturalists, continues to grow, and each year more than 35,000 people visit the museum in Ocean Springs to feed variously on the bread he baked.

Beset by bees, a blue bear seeks honey from a golden tree in artist's Ocean Springs Community Center mural.

A. mature stalk
B. young shoot
B'. katydid in oviposition
C. rhizome with aerial stalk
D. growth habit
E. flowering leafy twig
F. sterile leafy twig
G. leaf sheath

a. katydid nymphs
b. tree frog
c. mosquito
d. cockroach
e. stinkbug
f. rat-tailed maggot
g. mosquito larvae
h. crane fly larva
i. damselfly larva

BAMBOO

Guadua weberbaueri

By Adele Conover

A new world comes to life, discovered in a stalk of bamboo

In a Peruvian jungle, mysterious clues lead scientists to a unique pond community and the animals that evolved with it

On their fifth day of searching along Peru's Río Manu in June of 1993, entomologist Jerry Louton of the Smithsonian and biologist Raymond Bouchard of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia were slogging through the humid forest, shaking every bamboo stalk they could see as they tested for water. "Water, water, everywhere," Louton lamented, shaking the 200th plant to listen for the sound of sloshing, "but not a slot in sight."

Just then they flushed from the thicket what looked like a flock of flying laundry bags—heavy-bodied, turkeylike birds called guans. And suddenly Bouchard grabbed a bamboo stalk and whooped. He had found slots in it, and then in another, and now the scramble was on as the two scientists started sealing the slots with duct tape as fast as they could find them. "You can't tell what'll fly out of there," Louton said.

Indeed you can't, for Louton and Bouchard were exploring a world within a world, a bizarre, seemingly self-contained ecosystem whose very existence—unknown until just a few years ago—owes itself to a shoot of giant grass and a nondescript, brownish katydid.

This hidden world first came to light during a research expedition sponsored by the Smithsonian's Biological Diversity in Latin America (BIOLAT) program. In 1988, another biologist had shown Louton and Bouchard a blurry photograph of a female damselfly depositing eggs into a small hole in a bamboo stalk. The image prompted them to go to Peru in 1989. That October, at the Pakitza field station in the lowland tropical rain forest of Peru's Manu Biosphere Reserve, neither DEET nor Skin-So-Soft, nor long sleeves and pants, could keep the mosquitoes from feasting on Louton and Bouchard. It was late in the dry season, and there was little standing water for mosquito nurseries. "Where in the hell are they coming from?" grumbled Louton. He cautioned the cook to banish any open containers holding water, but the mosquitoes persisted.

Meanwhile, Roy McDiarmid, a U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service herpetologist stationed at the Smithsonian, and Rex Crocroft, a Cornell University graduate student, were also in the Manu forest tracking equally mysterious goings-on. They were trying to find the source of a peculiar, high-pitched trill. Despite its sounding like an insect's call, the herpetologists believed it came from an unknown species of frog. At night they donned miner-style headlamps and stalked the forest after the persistent trill. But as their lights crisscrossed thickets of bamboo, they didn't detect a sliver of eyeshine. "That damn frog seemed to be suspended somewhere in space," remembers McDiarmid.

Peruvian herpetologist Victor Morales had taped the elusive calls at Pakitza. When he replayed them during the day on his tape recorder, he heard the loud and frequent peeps of a frog clearly defending its territory. But Morales didn't see even a quivering leaf to mark a frog's movement. And every time he felt close to the calling frog, he found himself in a dense bamboo thicket.

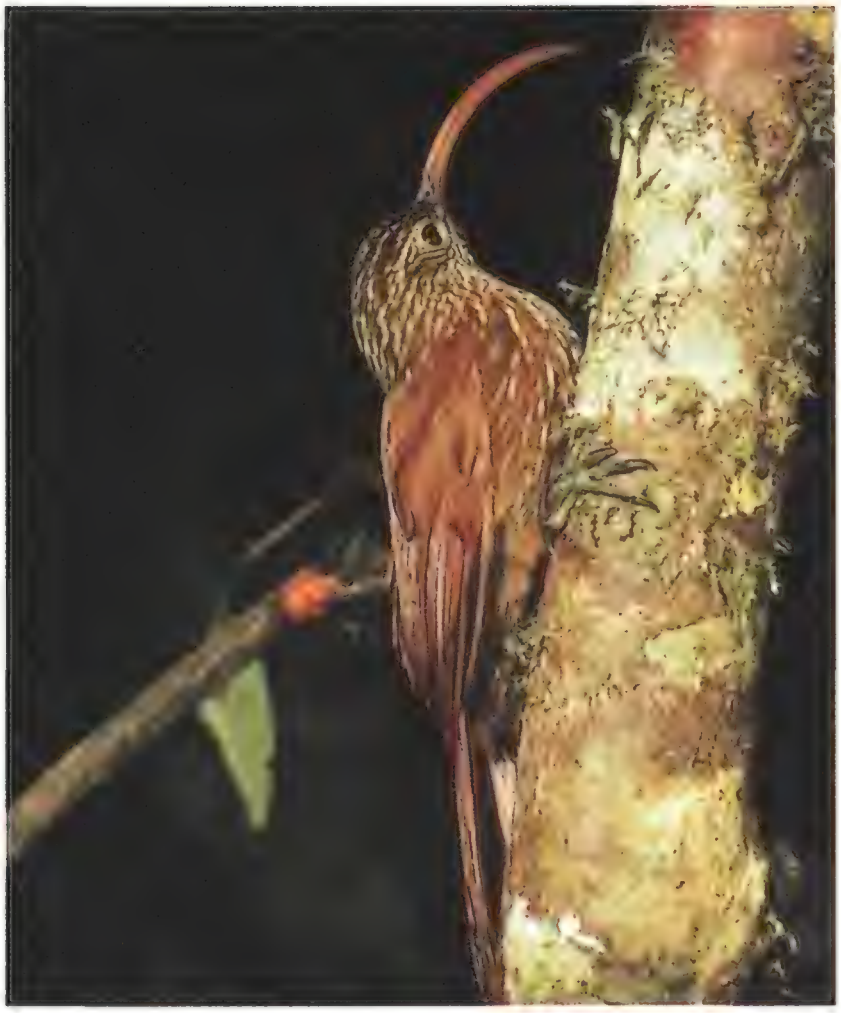
Plunging into the stand of bamboo, Bouchard sawed a stalk open—and out popped a snake, followed by a tiny frog. Then came a river of ants, roaches and beetles. "It was a jack-in-the-box," says Louton. "We dropped everything in the scramble for Baggies and duct tape to cover the hole." A smallish katydid was perched just above a minute pond of water inside the stalk, its legs braced against the interior wall. In time, as the scientists examined other bamboo holes on that and subsequent trips, the significance of the katydid became apparent.

The story unfolds this way: a young *Guadua weberbaueri* bamboo shoot strains skyward, pushing its way through the litter of a Peruvian forest floor. A katydid, of a species virtually unknown in the collections of natural history museums, alights on the shoot and inserts her long, knifelike ovipositor into it again and again. With special muscles, the katydid extends her abdomen and deposits individual disk-shaped eggs into the shoot, like dimes into a piggy bank.

The bamboo shoot grows with phenomenal speed—a meter a day in some species. Between its nodes, or

To lay eggs, female katydid (B') slices into a *Guadua* shoot (B). As stalk grows, katydid wounds become holes, and water rises into hollow chamber, creating a nursery for aquatic insects, refuge for terrestrial species (A).

Illustrations by Sally J. Bensusen



Bamboo denizens three: red-billed scythebill nabs insects deep inside *Guadua*; chunk-headed tree snake rests there; yellow-striped poison dart frog uses it as refuge.

joints, the stems lengthen like an opening telescope. The tiny slots made by the katydid elongate; the strips between begin to look like the bars of a tiny jail. After several days the stems have grown into a series of hollow segments, or internodes, nearly three inches in diameter. Water pumped into the internodes by the bamboo accumulates in the bottom of many of these chambers.

As the spiny bamboo grows, the slots lengthen and widen, and eventually rot out entirely, offering entry to other creatures. Soon, at least 17 species of mosquito larvae are competing for air at the surface of their dark pond. The larva of one species develops an extra-long siphon that it pokes through the pond surface to get oxygen, so that it does not have to expose itself. The larva of a different species is a hefty predator that patrols this hidden pond looking for food.

Other, larger carnivores join the nursery. A helicopter damselfly—a creature so delicate in flight that local Indians think of it as an escaping soul—hovers at the widening jail-cell window and slides her ovipositor between the bars. Each egg laid by this dainty insect will produce a predacious larva that is fearsome in its efficiency. Like the creature in the film *Alien*, the larva waits in ambush, an armlike, hook-tipped mouthpart folded up under its craw. In the small pond inside the bamboo, when any other creature—even one of its fellow damsels—comes within range, the hunter's mouth-arm fires out like a fist and nails it.

In the rotting sediments at the bottom of the high-rise pond, scavengers, such as the rat-tailed maggot and crane fly larva, browse on dead insect parts and scat. A yellow-striped poison dart frog the size of a quarter slips in and out of his territory—the bamboo's hollow interior—through the rotted-out jail-cell entry, carrying a tadpole or two, piggyback. Parental care falls to the males in this group, and the tadpoles don't leave Dad's back until they develop into tiny frogs.

By now, the chamber has become a microcosm, an ecosystem unto itself; in exploring it, Louton and Bouchard have so far identified 29 different aquatic insect species that inhabit the *Guadua* pond.

Although Pakitza stands in lowland tropical rain forest, during the latter part of the dry season, from August through October, water is at a premium. Fast-running streams become leaf-filled ditches, and still ponds disappear into a stew of mud and damp stones. To conserve water, some tropical plants drop their leaves. Others slow their activities and let their leaves wilt. *Guadua* seems to create internal ponds by secreting its own water, an uncommon trick among the world's thousand or so bamboo species. Although indigenous people have always known of the *Guadua*'s water-making abilities, it was the naturalist-explorer Alexander von Humboldt

Adele Conover, a Washington, D.C. writer, accompanied scientists Louton and Bouchard in the Manu Reserve.

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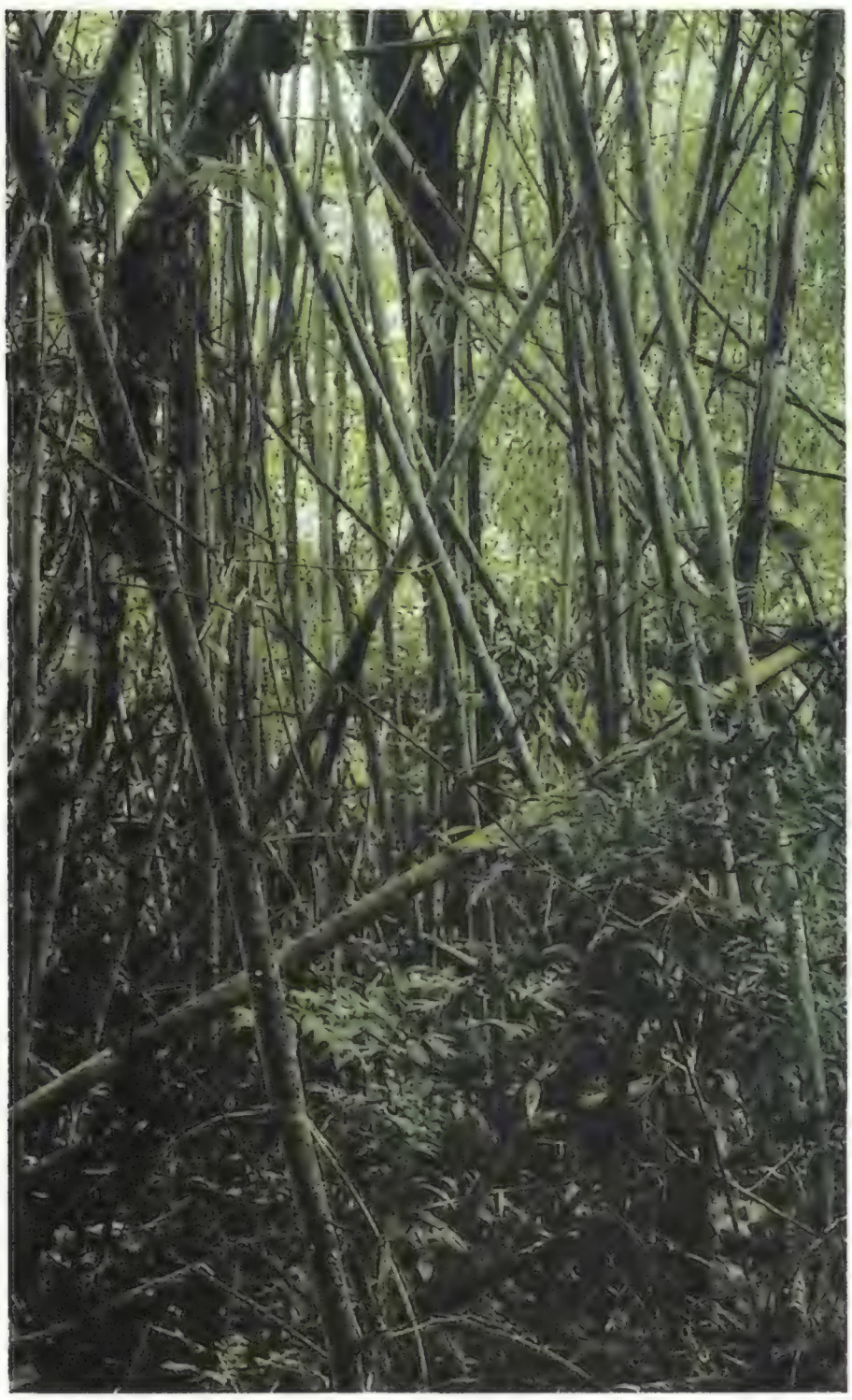
Brown capuchin monkeys will rip apart bamboo with their teeth to get at insects and other live edibles.



Reaching a height of 60 feet, spiny *Guadua weberbaueri* grows in dense stands in Peru's Manu Biosphere Reserve.

who first described this unusual trait for Western science.

As far as anyone knows, this habitat is unique. The Lilliputian ecosystem, with its interior pint-size pond at the bottom of each internode, tides the bamboo and its colonists over during the dry season. In exchange, the bamboo may reap the advantages of an internal-fertilization system made up of the detritus in each pond.

In addition to the tiny inhabitants, a number of larger animals seem to rely on the *Guadua* and its hidden ecosystem for sustenance. The Amazon bamboo rat, which has a voice like a macaw with a foghorn, thrives on the plant's slender leaves, picking them with monkeylike fingers.

A rufous-headed woodpecker with a rakish crest flies from stalk to stalk, drilling a series of rectangular holes in each one, sometimes enlarging a jail-window entry, sometimes tapping out a new hole. The woodpecker will return, as zealous as a trapper tending his trapline, and use its long tongue to plumb the nooks and crannies of the diminutive ecosystem for ants, roaches and spiders. When the woodpecker leaves, a Peruvian recurvebill hammers and pries with a chisel-like bill as it hunts for other insects hiding inside. A third insectivore, the red-billed scythebill, probes the enlarged cavity by inserting its remarkable curved bill into the deeper recesses.

Once the birds have left, a chunk-headed tree snake, a slender nocturnal creature with eyes slit vertically like a cat's, slithers through the enlarged entrance in the bamboo for a rest before setting out to hunt frogs and lizards in the slim outer twigs of neighboring trees.

"Unzipping" bamboo with their teeth

When the stalk has reached a height of 30 to 60 feet, the hidden ponds—now 10 to 15 feet above the ground—may become a food source for a *Cebus* monkey, the brown capuchin, which clamps its teeth just above the opening, then pulls downward, "unzipping" the hole until it's nearly a foot long and exposing any unlucky colonists that can't fly, jump, slither or swarm away.

Before he died in a plane crash in Ecuador last year, the peerless tropical ornithologist Ted Parker, who was director of Conservation International's Rapid Assessment Program (SMITHSONIAN, June 1991), had determined that the three birds already mentioned feed primarily on the creatures within *Guadua*. At the time of his death, he was in the process of demonstrating that dozens of bird species throughout the New World are "bamboo specialists."

Many North Americans think of bamboo as the Asian plant that pandas eat, or as the staple of Far Eastern building arts, or even as the basis of the imported furniture on their grandmother's porch. They assume this grass appears in the Western world only as an exotic like the Bradford pear, except that bamboo roots get into

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Granger Collection

Canebreaks of *Arundinaria* once spanned southeastern United States. Their demise likely contributed to the extinction of Carolina parakeet (right) in early 1900s.

their home plumbing and sprouting shoots eat up a neighbor's driveway. But nearly 500 species are native to the New World, including the spined Latin American genus *Guadua* (containing the largest New World species) and a North American heavyweight, *Arundinaria gigantea*, which reportedly can grow as high as 30 feet.

Before European colonists arrived in North America, *Arundinaria* grew in vast canebrakes. Early American botanist William Bartram described the thickets as appearing to have "no bounds but the skies." Indeed, they stretched over what are now 19 states in the South, Midwest and East, and as far north as Ohio.

Explorers on horseback or on foot cursed the stuff, which they found nearly impossible to get through. Pioneers, however, taking note of the luxuriant growth, reasoned that a good stand of cane meant good soil for crops. They cleared the land for plantations and homesteads by cutting and burning it. When they were through, the big cane was nearly gone for good.

As far as is known, *Arundinaria* supports no interior ecosystem like *Guadua*, but before their razing, the "brakes" provided cover and sustenance for bear, deer, turkeys, small game, perhaps even bison. Bamboo seed, with a nutrient quality exceeding that of both rice and wheat, was a food much sought after by man and beast alike. In 1850 a diarist wrote of bamboo and animals near New Harmony, Indiana: "Fox Island was full of game from my earliest recollections up to the year 1850 when the cane . . . went to seed and then all died. The seed grew in clusters and resembled oats, and all the animals and fowls got rolling fat from eating this seed."

The extirpation of North American canebrakes—and the seed and shelter they provided—may have hastened the extinction of at least two North American bird species: the Carolina parakeet and the passenger pigeon. The pigeon relied heavily on the brakes for food and shelter. In 1813 painter John James Audubon witnessed a flight of pigeons that numbered more than one billion, so many that the sun "was obscured as by an eclipse." The passenger pigeon became extinct in 1914, the Carolina parakeet followed four years later. Ornithologist Daniel McKinley, considered the leading expert on the parakeet, says the beautiful bird's erratic range (Florida to New York, and west to Colorado) was linked to *Arundinaria*. "Like all parrots they lived a long time [20 years] and probably didn't breed every year. In a nomadic fashion they may have followed the bamboo for a place to raise a family."

A third bird that depended on the big cane for nesting is Bachman's warbler, hovering so close to the edge of extinction that the last undisputed sighting of it was in Virginia in the 1960s. Louisiana State University ornithologist James van Remsen jr. theorizes that the bird's recurved bill may have become specialized for gleaning bamboo leaves. At any rate, the warbler lived in close association with North American *Arundinaria* in

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summer and a different Cuban species in winter. In Cuba, sugar plantations replaced the canebrakes. When the brakes shrank under the plow in the southeastern United States, the remaining patches of giant grass were too small for the warbler's nesting territories.

Although the lofty bamboo of North America has virtually vanished, the South American giant *Guadua* still flourishes—at least for now. In June 1993 Louton and Bouchard mounted another expedition to Peru to further explore the *Guadua* ecosystem. Just as on that day on the Río Manu, once they found the first slotted *Guadua* stem they soon found others, but these grew at a higher elevation and farther inland from the river. Twenty-five bamboo holes later, they made their way back to camp, triumphant hunters carrying their catch—various lengths of taped-up, fauna-filled bamboo.

As it was then dark, Bouchard fashioned what he called "Og's operating table"—a petri dish lit from below by a flashlight. "We can't leave these overnight," said Louton, as he brandished a turkey baster for sucking the smaller animals from the water. "That katydid can chew its way through duct tape with no trouble at all." Miner's headlamps on their brows, flashlights in their mouths, the two gingerly removed the tape and peered inside. A delicate chunk-headed tree snake emerged, its scales a striking pattern of brown and white. It nearly escaped the scientists' grasping hands.

A fat grub, a fleshy, Vienna-sausage-size rhino beetle larva, waved its black-capped head and fell almost indolently into the petri dish. Compared with the other invertebrate fauna, it seemed the size of a sperm whale.

"Forceps!" Louton called out as he spotted the wriggling black form of a damselfly larva. "It's a damsel and it's hungry—a true damsel in distress."

Big black ants and little red ones streamed out. "No one but E. O. Wilson likes ants," said Louton, referring to the famous Harvard biologist. "But they seem to like you," said Bouchard, pointing to a cluster headed for Louton's leg. Louton shuffled around irately, tossing a visiting weevil over his shoulder. "Look at this," he said, as he inspected another creature new to science—a scuttling round thing that resembled a kernel of corn with legs. A heavy-looking mosquito larva bristled in the dish. Another damselfly larva thrashed in Louton's forceps. "Spiders treat these damsels with respect," he said. "When this one grows up—if it's like its relatives—it'll smack into a spider's web, knocking out the spider's stash of immobilized insects, or snatch the spider by the thorax, popping it like a grape. It's like a harpy eagle grabbing a monkey. Spiders know they're bad."

A few days later, after a long trip upriver by motorized dugout, the scientists reached the Smithsonian field station at Pakitza, where a few years before they had first glimpsed the world within the bamboo. Here they found another clump of *Guadua*, and so many populated stems that they had trouble lugging them back to camp. Poking inside one, Louton found ants once again—these had built themselves a multistoried apartment house within the bamboo chamber.

There is no doubt that there are surprises still to come. Back in Washington, Louton has dozens of specimens pickled in ethyl alcohol and yet to be identified. The mechanism by which the *Guadua* pumps water up to some internodes is still not understood. Nor is it clear whether other species of bamboo contain their own hidden worlds. If this *Guadua* were to become extinct, would the katydid cease to exist? Would the delicate damselfly leave her eggs in a water-filled bromeliad the way her cousins do? Where would those highly adapted mosquito larvae wriggle to adulthood? The study underscores the need to understand the clockwork of evolutionary relationships.

In Pakitza, the research season was coming to an end. One night the Friaje, a strong cold wind from the Antarctic, blew in, dropping the temperature from 80 degrees F to 60 in an hour or so. Heavy rains made the forest somber, and the scientists had to break camp early. They reloaded the dugouts and set out on the river. Bamboo stalks lined the banks, some leaning, some dying, some standing as upright as the grass in Gulliver's lawn. Briefly the sun spilled through like a searchlight, illuminating a distant helicopter damselfly whirling away like an escaping soul, just as the Indians had said. It was heading for bamboo, to the hidden world that had been opened for a katydid's egg.

The *Guadua*-pond ecosystem supports a varied cast, including (clockwise from bottom) Amazon bamboo rat, chunk-headed tree snake, helicopter damselfly (depositing eggs through slits), brown capuchins, rufous-headed woodpecker and the katydid colonizer.

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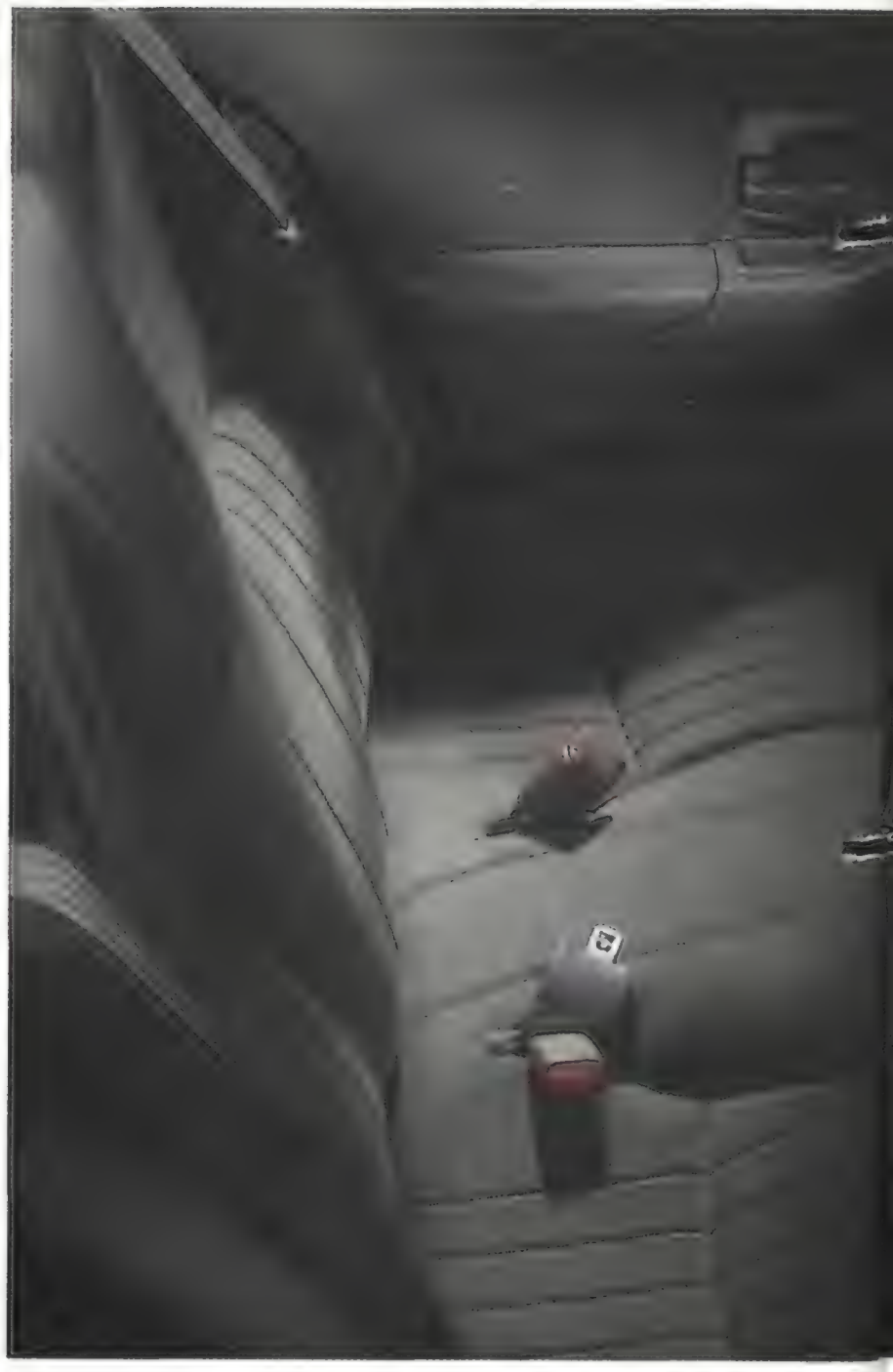

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By Jon Krakauer

All they really wanted was to travel a little

But writing one guide led to another; now Tony and Maureen Wheeler's 'Lonely Planet' series gives globetrotters the inside scoop

I should have known better than to say anything, but after four cups of *arag*—Himalayan home brew distilled from fermented barley, potent enough to make grown men drop to all fours and bark at the moon—my mouth was moving faster than my brain. "Wow," I remarked to my traveling companions, Maureen and Tony Wheeler, who squinted through a blue cloud of incense smoke to see where I was pointing. "Is that a human skull?"

The three of us had been invited inside a dilapidated temple in the outback of central Bhutan to witness a religious ceremony. A few feet away, eight lay priests in soiled robes chanted scripture to the beat of a rawhide drum. Magnificent silk tapestries hung from the ceiling, tattered and faded with age. All around us the temple walls were covered with phantasmal murals of many-limbed Tantric deities, writhing and copulating with nightmarish abandon above the eviscerated bodies of damned souls. And resting on the altar in front of a shadowy, gilded Buddha was indeed a human skull, or rather the top half of a skull, upside down, apparently serving as some sort of ghoulish chalice.

One of the priests, misinterpreting my outstretched

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On a recent trip with Maureen to Bhutan—one of the few places for which there is not yet a Lonely Planet guide—Tony checks out a budget hotel in Nubding.

index finger, picked up the skull and solemnly carried it over to where we stood. Examining it in the flickering glow of a butter lamp, I saw that the cranial cavity was filled with a dark, oily liquid smelling vaguely like paint thinner. "He is offering you *duedtsi*," a villager who spoke English explained excitedly. "This is most auspicious. *Duedtsi* is a very holy drink."

Bhutan straddles the rugged spine of the Himalayas between India and Tibet, a sparsely populated, reclusive Buddhist kingdom that restricts tourism with expensive entry fees. The landscape is a mélange of steep mountains and dreamy cloud forests penetrated by a mere handful of twisting, one-lane roads. Thickets of prayer flags flutter from every ridge. Exquisitely proportioned monasteries perch atop high, moss-bearded cliffs.

The Bhutanese people are proud, reserved, unfailingly polite. Great importance is placed on etiquette and social decorum. It is considered the height of rudeness to refuse an offer of food or drink—which is why I had imbibed so much arag in the first place, and consequently shot my mouth off, and now faced another, considerably less appetizing round of cocktails, this time served from a grime-encrusted skull. Feeling suddenly queasy, I took a big step backward, putting the Wheelers between me and the duedtsi-wielding priest.

Unfazed by the language barrier, Tony responded by quoting Shakespeare to the uncomprehending holy man, "'Alas! poor Yorick . . . ,'" followed by a cheerful, "Thanks anyway, I think we'll pass." For a long moment the monk looked baffled, almost hurt, and continued to offer forth the skullful of sacred hooch. Tony and Maureen remained resolute in their cheerful refusals. The priest eventually withdrew the duedtsi, gazed uncertainly to one side and then broke into a wide, betel-stained grin.

In retrospect, this happy outcome should not have been a surprise. When it comes to navigating exotic cultural shoals, Tony and Maureen Wheeler wrote the book. More accurately, they've written and/or published 155 such books (at last count), providing millions of vagabonds with the inside scoop on out-of-the-way destinations ranging from Alaska to Zanzibar, Yemen to Paraguay, Vanuatu to Mongolia, and most locales in between. Visit the travel department of any bookstore on Earth, and the shelves are likely to be sagging with fat, paperbound volumes bearing the distinctive logo of Lonely Planet Publications, the Australia-based company founded by the Wheelers in 1973.

Lonely Planet guidebooks, advertised as "travel survival kits," are distinguished by witty, meticulously researched advice on everything from appreciating erotic Hindu art, to changing money on the black market, to the morality of giving alms to beggars. Need to send a fax from Tierra del Fuego? Baffled by the vagaries of Pakistani plumbing? Unsure about tipping in Nairobi? One or another Lonely Planet guide will tell you what you need to know. And somewhere in any given volume there are apt to be at least several pithy paragraphs under the heading "Avoiding Offence."

The most popular Lonely Planet titles have sold hundreds of thousands of copies. In addition to a stable of contract authors, the company employs a full-time staff of 75 editors and cartographers, maintains offices in four countries, and generates revenues that exceed $22 million yearly. Lonely Planet's success is all the more remarkable when one considers that 21 years ago, when the enterprise was launched, neither Tony nor Maureen had any intention of founding a publishing empire. All they really wanted to do was travel.

Tony, English by birth, is whippet-thin and slow to rile, with a bone-dry sense of humor; originally from Ireland, Maureen is articulate and brash, with an easy smile and a formidable temper. Currently in their mid-40s, they met on a London park bench in 1970. "I was sitting there reading a car magazine," recalls Tony, an automotive engineer by training, "when Maureen sat down next to me and started reading something intimidating; Tolstoy, I think it was."

They got to talking, and within a few days Maureen moved into Tony's flat. They were married a year later; Tony was offered a good job with Ford, Maureen went to work for a London wine importer. All signs pointed to regular careers and a conventional middle-class existence. "But in 1972," Tony explains, "we decided to take a year off and trav-

Seattle freelancer Jon Krakauer's own rambles have taken him from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Patagonia.

el across Asia. The plan was to get the travel bug out of our systems, then settle down for good."

They withdrew their life's savings of $1,400, assembled a few maps and bought a used Austin minivan for $130. Then, says Tony, "we took a boat across the Channel and just started driving east." Their route took them across Europe, the Balkans, Turkey and Iran. In Afghanistan they sold the minivan and continued by bus, train, boat and thumb, meandering as the spirit moved them through Pakistan, Kashmir, India, Nepal, Thailand, Malaysia and Indonesia.

"Tony had traveled a bit before that trip," says Maureen in a melodic lilt, an artifact of her Belfast childhood, "but not me. When I first saw Asia, the richness of so many different cultures, I felt like Alice in *Through the Looking Glass.* It was fantastic. I was utterly spellbound. My whole perspective was turned upside down."

Nine months after leaving London, the Wheelers arrived in Sydney, Australia, down to their last 27 cents. "Our original intent," Tony allows, "had been to find jobs in Sydney and work there for three or four months until we'd earned enough for plane tickets, then fly back to London and get on with our lives. But the trip had been such good fun that we decided to change our plans."

During their layover in Sydney, Maureen and Tony met a surprising number of people who expressed a desire to duplicate their journey across Asia, and were eager to learn all about the particulars. "That," says Maureen, "is when it first occurred to us to write a guidebook."

Across Asia on the Cheap, now a collector's item, came out in 1973. It was written, laid out, hand-collated, hand-trimmed and hand-stapled on the kitchen table of a small Sydney apartment. Ninety-six pages long, it sold for $1.80 and dispensed their accumulated wisdom in a wry, authoritative voice that has become one of the trademarks of the Lonely Planet oeuvre. "Always have a glance at the proprietor," the book advised about buying meals from

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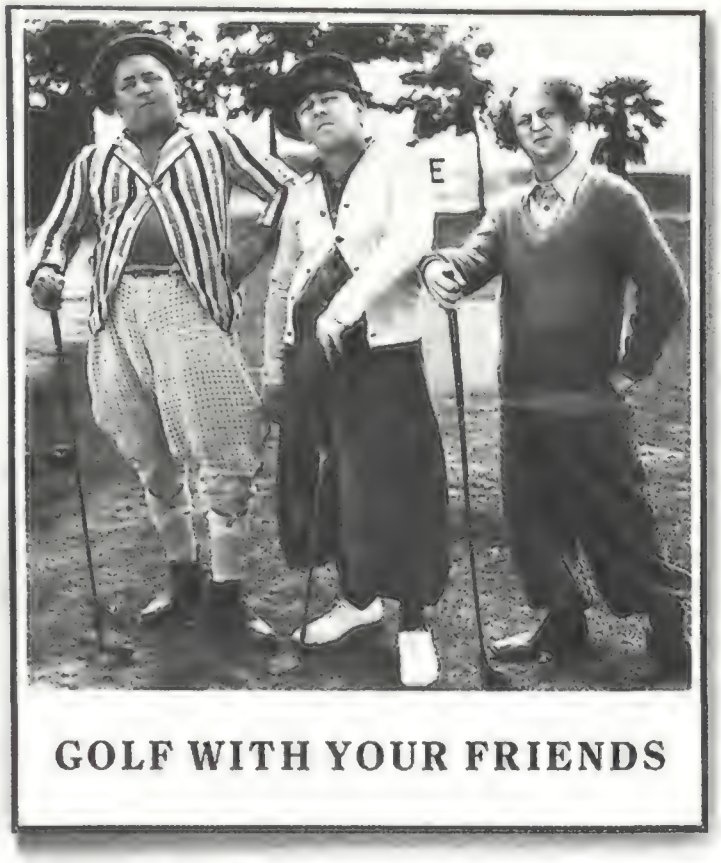

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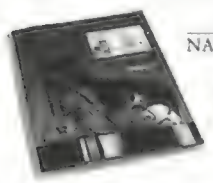

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street vendors; "if he's clean and healthy-looking his food should be too. If he looks as if he's about to drop dead, eat elsewhere!" About illicit drugs, which were cheap and plentiful across much of Asia, the guide cautioned, "You miss a lot if you see everything from 9 miles up."

Needing a name for their publishing venture, the Wheelers settled on "Lonely Planet," inspired by a line from a Joe Cocker song. They printed 1,500 copies of *Across Asia*. "It was a crude, totally handmade book," says Maureen. "But when we took it 'round to book shops in Melbourne and Sydney it was surprisingly easy to sell." Indeed, the first printing sold out in ten days. Another, larger, print run followed, and then another.

It was the right book at the right time. The free-spirited, patchouli-scented 1970s were in full flower. Restive young men and women were wandering all over the world in growing swarms, itching to experience the timeless, unpasteurized throb of Ankara, Kabul, Goa and Kathmandu. There was tremendous pent-up demand for a good guidebook to the so-called Hippie Trail—and Tony and Maureen's skinny little volume was the first to meet it.

Encouraged by the success of their book, the Wheelers decided to do a second one. To research it, they bought a 250cc Yamaha motorcycle and spent 12 months riding through Indonesia, Burma, Malaysia, Laos and Thailand. Writing the book took another three months, during which they lived and worked in a $2-a-night Singapore hotel room. The result was *South-East Asia on a Shoestring*, published in 1975. It sold twice as many copies as *Across Asia on the Cheap*.

Over the next few years, operating out of Melbourne, Australia, Lonely Planet went on to publish guides to Nepal, Africa, New Zealand and New Guinea. "Even though the books were selling," says Maureen, "it was really hard to make a living. We were working long hours, working all the time, really, but just getting by from week to week. We couldn't afford a decent car; the

house we lived in didn't even have an indoor toilet. And the books remained pretty amateurish because we didn't have the money to do things as well as we should have. I didn't think Lonely Planet was ever really going to support the two of us."

Their breakthrough came in 1979. At that time, with a dozen books under Lonely Planet's belt, the Wheelers decided to tackle India, in all its teeming, recondite splendor. Despite enlisting the services of two other writers to help them with the project, it turned out to be infinitely more daunting than they imagined. "Many times," Tony confesses, "we wondered what we'd gotten ourselves into. The finished book ran to 700 pages, four times as long as our previous books, which meant it had to be priced four times as high, as well."

Tony and Maureen pass by prayer flags, a common sight in Bhutan. "Buddhists believe that the wind carries away the prayers printed on them," Tony explains.

When the India guide arrived in bookstores in 1980, nevertheless, it made a big splash. The first edition sold 100,000 copies, won a prestigious British literary award honoring it as the best travel book of the year, and then went on to sell half a million copies in subsequent editions. "It just took off," exclaims Tony with an amazed shake of the head, "and it immediately kicked us onto a much higher level."

Lonely Planet has been orbiting at a dizzying velocity ever since. Readers inundate the Wheelers with mail, sending 150 to 200 letters per week; cyber-

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savvy travelers send their messages to: lonely@crl.com—the company's Internet address. Lonely Planet has two full-time employees who do nothing but respond. Most of it is effusive correspondence from grateful travelers, or helpful updates of train schedules and border closings, or tales of readers' adventures. Not a few letters, however, are filled with black invective. Errors inevitably creep into every guidebook, and some readers react angrily when such errors lead them astray—wrong directions at a crucial crossroads, say, or the recommendation of a hotel that turns out to be filthy and flea-infested.

"Many of our readers develop a deep emotional involvement with the guidebooks they rely on," Tony reflects, "and by extension with the authors as well. After people have traveled across Asia with your book, they feel like they've done the trip with you, personally; they know your likes and dislikes, your every quirk. By that point they either love you or hate you. I think that's why the response from readers tends to be so strong. I've received death threats, even threats to kill our children."

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Curiously, readers are also in the habit of sending letters of condolence, announcing how sorry they are to hear that Tony has died. Missives arrive on a regular basis reporting his demise in train crashes, motorcycle wrecks, capsized ferries, buses that have hurtled over cliffs. Once Tony was browsing in a Singapore bookstore when he overheard a young Canadian woman tell her companion, "Real shame Tony's dead, isn't it?" as she flipped through a Lonely Planet guidebook. Phoenix-like, he introduced himself to the startled women and politely suggested they had been misinformed.

"I've never really grown accustomed to how big and crazy it's all gotten," Maureen muses. "I'm often quite shocked when I walk into the office and see all those people working there. Funny thing is, we've done everything the experts say you're not supposed to do. When business students drop by to study our success, they tell us Lonely Planet contradicts everything they've learned about how to run a company."

One reason Lonely Planet continues to flourish is that the books have always mirrored the personal interests of Tony and Maureen, which have been in uncanny sync with the shifting Zeitgeist. "Recently we met someone who expected me to be this faded hippie chick," Maureen chuckles, "and Tony to be an aging deadhead in tie-dye. He couldn't get over how normal we are. In fact, we never were hippies, really, just travelers. We used to be broke and unemployed, so we traveled on the cheap for months on end. Now that we have money and a couple of kids but not much free time, we take shorter trips and do them in a different style, and the books we publish reflect that. We've changed, but so have our readers, which is probably why they're still with us." Maureen's book, *Travel with Children*, gives advice on taking kids along, even on trips to exotic places.

When deciding what to publish, the Wheelers have never relied on market research. Instead, they go with what strikes their fancy. "One day we got a letter from a guy who said he was an expert on Mongolia," Tony explains. "I thought, 'Wow! Mongolia! Sounds like an interesting place.' So we assigned

Maureen, the author of LP's *Travel with Children*, sidesteps muck in Bhutan.

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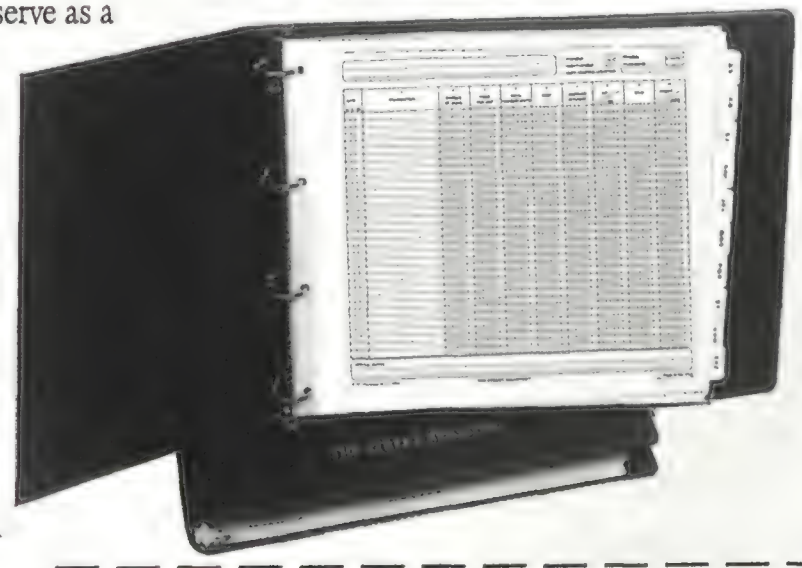

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him to write a book about it." The fact that Mongolia is unlikely to become a major destination, and is thus unlikely to generate much in the way of book sales, deterred them not in the least.

Likewise for the upcoming guide to Bhutan, which the Wheelers were just starting to research when I caught up with them in Asia last November. Actually, before we arrived in Bhutan, Tony had insisted more than once that the 19-day trip was a long-overdue holiday, pure and simple, and that they had no intention of writing a book about the country. Within minutes after landing at Bhutan's only airport, however, Tony had his notebook in hand and was scribbling furiously, recording data about places to eat and places to sleep, temples and trekking routes, bus schedules and weather patterns.

When I asked him if he'd changed his mind about doing a Bhutan guide, Tony broke into a deep, self-mocking laugh and replied, "I guess it was inevitable, wasn't it? We wouldn't want to leave any blank spots on the map."

As it happens, Bhutan is one of the few nations on Earth that haven't yet been covered by a Lonely Planet guidebook. Ironically, the United States is another, but that project is in the works now. In fact, Tony, Maureen and the kids took a road trip across the country this summer. During stops in the evening, Tony wrote journal entries on his laptop computer, which he sent via modem to a travel-oriented electronic bulletin board so that interested people could track along.

In January, Lonely Planet will expand to television, with a 13-part series on Discovery's Learning Channel. Not everyone believes all this is a good thing. Critics of travel guides in general, and off-the-beaten-track books in particular, complain that the books ultimately destroy the very places they celebrate, opening up previously unknown corners of paradise to the thundering herds.

The Wheelers have heard these arguments but remain convinced that their books do more good than harm. "It sticks in my throat a bit when people say we shouldn't tell anybody about

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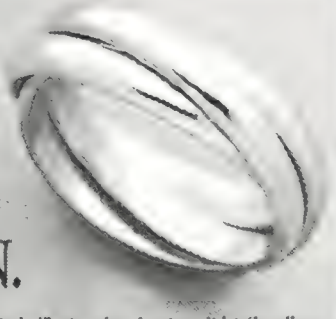

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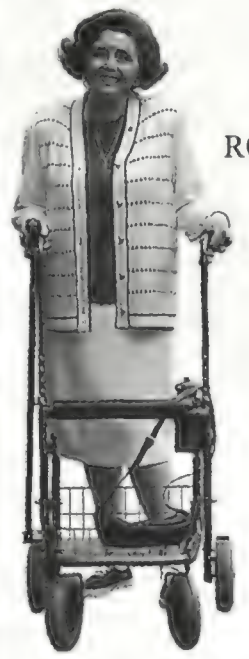
this place or that," Maureen tells me as we hike through a Bhutanese rice paddy. "I think that's incredibly patronizing to the people who live there. Money spent by travelers in the local economies of poor countries improves the standard of living. In Nepal, for example, it's no accident that the regions with the most trekkers also have the best schools, more hospitals, less infant mortality. No, these villages might not be as picturesque as they once were, but the residents are certainly better off."

Maureen and Tony believe, furthermore, that foreign travelers can help promote democratic ideals by bearing witness to human-rights abuses in places like Nepal, China and Guatemala. Lonely Planet, for its part, has always reported frankly on repressive political regimes, resulting in the company's books being banned in several countries. In the Bhutan guide, Tony has no intention of glossing over the political turmoil in the south where, a few years ago, members of the Buddhist ruling class undertook a campaign of ethnic harassment and forced tens of thousands of Hindus of Nepalese descent out of the country. "Our book will probably be banned here," Tony shrugs, "but what can you do?"

The Wheelers readily acknowledge that tourism is not without adverse effects, and they do what they can to soften the impact of their huge, globe-roaming readership. Right from the beginning, Lonely Planet made a point of preaching cultural and environmental sensitivity in its books. And since 1986 the Wheelers have donated a percentage of their revenues to famine relief and other aid projects in Africa, India and Central America. Last year they gave away $100,000.

Maureen points out that the undeveloped world is changing fast, and travelers armed with Lonely Planet guides are hardly the main cause of that change. Thanks to the ubiquity of the satellite dish, such exemplars of Western culture as professional wrestling, *Wheel of Fortune* and reruns of *Dallas* are now staples of both urban and village life across much of Asia.



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Nepal, 1976: the Wheelers research one of their first guides in the Himalayas.

In remote Bhutanese hamlets, virtually none of the homes have indoor plumbing, but several of the primitive residences we visit have a battery- or solar-powered videocassette player. Thimphu—the capital and largest city in Bhutan, with a population of 30,000—boasts some 20 video outlets, where one can rent, I notice, bootleg copies of the newest Schwarzenegger opus, a movie that hadn't even been released in American theaters when I departed for Bhutan.

Another thing I notice, as I stroll the streets of Thimphu, are marijuana plants sprouting robustly from every ditch and hillside. In a schoolyard, three young girls are playing with a jump rope improvised from sinewy cannabis stems. Our Bhutanese escort explains that pot grows wild throughout the country. "Farmers harvest it for pig feed," he tells me, "but until recently, not many Bhutanese smoked it. Lately, though, using marijuana has become quite popular among young people, who have learned to smoke it from American videos."

"In a way it's quite sad," Maureen opines, "to see countries like Bhutan shed their innocence, but change is inevitable. No place stays the same. A static culture is a dead culture." And change, she argues, doesn't necessarily render a place less interesting for travelers. Nepal, where the Wheelers take me after we depart Bhutan, is an example.

When Maureen and Tony first visited Kathmandu in 1972, Maureen remembers, "it was a quiet city. There weren't as many cars then, so the air was clean. We arrived at dusk in a crowded bus

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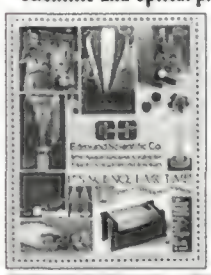

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after a hellish ride from India—there was barely room to breathe, people had been sick in the aisles—and as we came down from the mountains overlooking Kathmandu, I remember how peaceful and magical it looked. The whole valley was twinkling with the glow of a million butter lamps. It seemed like Shangri-la."

Two decades later, Kathmandu is unlikely to be mistaken for an earthly heaven. The streets are clogged with bicycle rickshas and taxis and three-wheeled Vikram trucks belching black clouds of diesel exhaust. Breathing the polluted air leaves a gritty, metallic taste in the back of my mouth. Huge neon billboards blink above the medieval skyline, and the din of car horns is unceasing. Throngs of tourists jam the twisting alleyways. As I sip a beer in a café in Thamel, a Kathmandu neighborhood where foreigners congregate, I count no fewer than seven other people consulting Lonely Planet guidebooks at the tables around me.

Despite the jarring intrusions of the late 20th century, the Wheelers remain enthralled with Kathmandu, and I can easily see why. We climb a hillside overlooking the Bagmati River, walking past giggling schoolchildren, a woman selling marigolds with a baby at her breast, half-naked sadhus begging for coins. Monkeys chatter in the trees behind us. Down on the banks of this holy river, pilgrims bathe in the stinking brown water while flames from a funeral pyre dance and crackle over a shrouded corpse.

As we cross an ancient stone bridge spanning the Bagmati, Tony ruminates about the glorious, ineffable complexity of Kathmandu, and the hopelessness of illuminating the city's wonders in even the finest guidebook. "A book can't really guide people," he says. "All it can do is give them a sense of the possibilities, and point them in the right direction."

Then Tony's baseball cap, printed head and bill with a world map, catches the eye of a nearby street peddler. The grinning man calls out to him, "I think you are very strong man, sahib, carrying this world on your head. This world must be very heavy, very heavy."

Lonely Planet has 155 titles and 75 employees—not bad for a company that started with Maureen and Tony hand-stapling *Across Asia on the Cheap* at a kitchen table.

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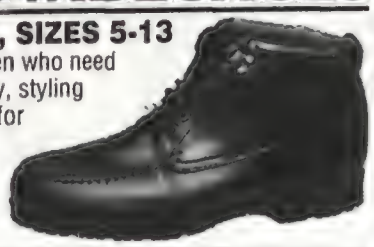

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Casson does not just write that the boat Egypt's Queen Hatshepsut used to carry two huge obelisks to Karnak was 200 feet long and 70 feet in beam—he says this ship was broader and longer than Nelson's *Victory.* He does not just repeat historical accounts of coastal raiding during the second millennium B.C.—he imagines armed rowers tramping aboard Phoenician galleys "clutching shield, spear and sword." Instead of simply reporting that the Byzantines used "Greek fire" as a naval weapon, he shows a 14th-century drawing of a Byzantine ship "pouring fire on the fleet of the enemy." (It was Greek fire, Casson explains, that finally saved Constantinople from the Arabs in the seventh century. This awesome weapon was produced by mixing crude oil, easily scooped from the ground in many places, with sulfur, pitch or quicklime. "Then came a revolutionary discovery: if saltpetre were added, a mixture resulted that was capable of spontaneous combustion." In

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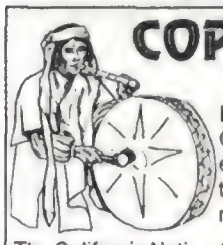

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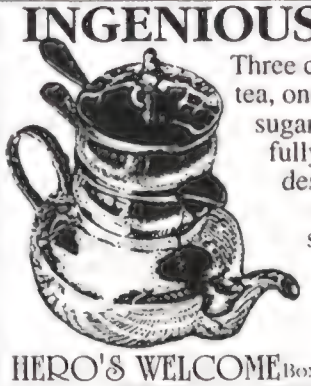

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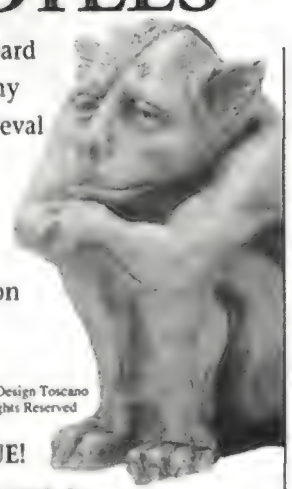

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Where did seafaring begin? The presence of archaeological remains in Australia, Sardinia and Crete shows that humans have been crossing open water for well over ten thousand years. The oldest remains of actual vessels from Egypt, however, date to the third millennium B.C. These craft were built more like buckets than boats. Their hulls were fashioned of planks held together by ropes "sewn" through holes, their seams sealed by battens. A little later came boats with planking elegantly fastened by mortise-and-tenon joinery. Framing members lashed into the hull kept the sides from sagging outward; the vessels had no keels. And though a painting on a Predynastic vase of a reed boat with a pole mast and square sail proves that wind power surely was used as early as 3500 B.C., most early Egyptian vessels were paddled.

These early watercraft weren't fit for anything more daunting than travel up and down the Nile. To survive the pounding of the Mediterranean waves, boats had to be considerably stronger. In particular, they needed stiffer hulls. Sometime before 2400 B.C., Egyptian shipwrights invented a way to provide this strength without using a keel. Carved reliefs from Egyptian tombs show seagoing vessels with heavy rope trusses carried from bow to stern along a series of upright supports built on the deck. The resulting ships looked like floating suspension bridges, stiffened by a stretched rope cable and propelled by oars or a tall sail mounted on a bipedal mast. But as odd as it appears to modern eyes, the design worked.

Maritime technology changed dramatically between 2000 B.C. and 1000 B.C. The rope truss disappeared from Egyptian ships after 1500 B.C., indicating that their naval architects had learned to build internally reinforced hulls and keels. Sails were rigged differently and steering oars relocated. But the most significant change was that ships diverged into two types, distinguished by their primary means of propulsion. Sailing ships, with wider hulls and smaller crews, were used for transporting merchandise, while galleys—long, narrow, driven by

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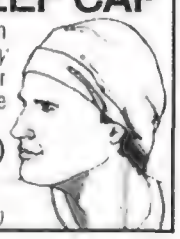

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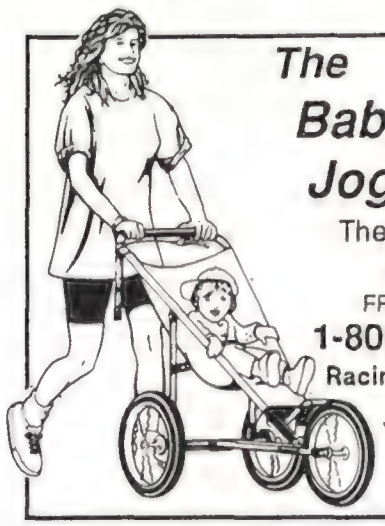

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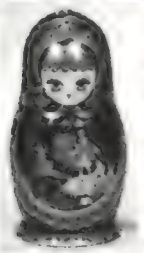

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oars—were developed for use in war.

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He seems more passionately interested, however, in the galleys. These vessels are certainly more impressive. Fast and heavily armed galleys combined the glamour of a cavalry troop with the crushing power of a tank. Empires were won and lost in battles between fleets of galleys, and their development over the first millennium B.C. reflects all the elements of a classic arms race.

The race began between 1150 B.C. and 850 B.C. with the introduction of the ram. This bronze-clad beak transformed galleys from troop transports and coastal raiders to true fighting ships, able to sink their enemies and subject to being sunk themselves. Rams forced the construction of heavier vessels, and the tactics of ship-to-ship combat favored the development of faster and more maneuverable boats. Galleys powered by double banks of oars (biremes) appeared sometime around 700 B.C.; triremes were dominant 200 years later. But because the cost of such large vessels was so great, the development of true supergalleys did not occur until around the time of Alexander.

These remarkable ships are known only through historic accounts, and much about their design and construction remains unknown. It is clear, however, that they were huge. Galleys rated as "fours," "fives" and "sixes" were introduced between 400 B.C. and 300 B.C., to be followed by "16s," "20s," "30s" and, in the time of Emperor Ptolemy IV, a monstrous "40." Despite a series of fanciful reconstructions, Casson argues that none of these galleys ever had more than three banks of oars. Instead, the ratings refer to the number of men pulling on each dyad or triad of oars. That astonishing "40," he suggests, may have been a double-hulled galley designed as a floating platform for an extra large force of marines. Casson quotes a second-century Greek writer's

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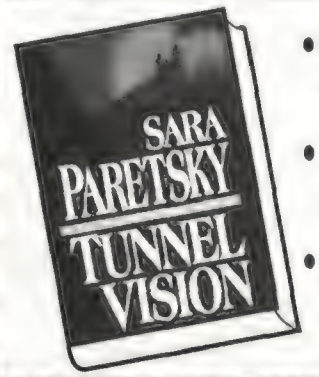

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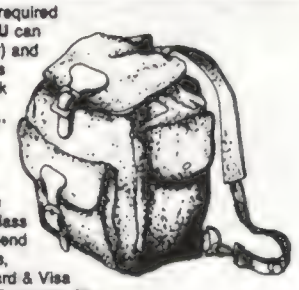

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description of this monster, converting cubits into feet: "It was 420 [feet] long, 57 from gangway to gangway, and 72 high to the prow ornament. . . . It was double-prowed and double-sterned. . . . During a trial run it took aboard over 4,000 oarsmen and 400 other crewmen, and on the deck 2,850 marines."

When Augustus' fleet defeated Mark Antony at the Battle of Actium in 31 B.C., Rome achieved control over the entire Mediterranean. With no one to challenge their dominion, the need for supergalleys disappeared. Intriguingly, the end of the Mediterranean arms race is memorialized in a monument built by Augustus at Nicopolis, near Cape Actium. Here the emperor seems to have mounted bronze-coated rams from his enemy's fleet, rams from ships "ranging from triremes right up to tens." Like Civil War cannon in Midwestern town squares, weapons that were no longer needed were used to commemorate the conflict they had been involved in.

Casson is a retired professor of classics, and his knowledge of maritime archaeology and history of Europe and the Mediterranean is displayed on every page he writes. Although it is quite short, this extensively illustrated book covers the subject of early seafaring in those regions in a clear and lively style. Readers looking for a detailed account of the latest underwater archaeology will not find it here; neither will they find anything about seafaring in the New World, Oceania or the Indian Ocean. But for anyone curious about ships and sailing in the classical world, from the age of the pharaohs to the time of the Vikings, this is the place to start.

John R. Alden, anthropologist and reviewer, lives in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

In the Memory House
Howard Mansfield
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As we read this wide-ranging collection of essays on the past of New England—a past that is perhaps richer and more celebrated than that of any other region of this country—we realize that the greatest spiritual poverty would be to live in a world and time where memory had ceased to matter. Memory encompasses a welter of human endeavor: at one end of the spectrum we encounter personal recollection, at the other, history. To remember is at once to recognize the value of life and to confer it through the act of commemoration.

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The memory house of the book's title is the typical small, local museum to be found throughout New England. "Almost every town has one," Mansfield writes, "run usually by the historical society. Each is in a house like any other on Main Street, a house inhabited only by artifacts and documents."

Each of these museums holds its own idiosyncratic riches, evoking the day-to-day life of a particular village. In Hancock, New Hampshire, for instance, one encounters "a letter from Horace Greeley, a muskrat-skin stretcher, a ball of lead that was fired at someone at Antietam, many quilts, a match holder from a hospital for Confederate soldiers . . . a lamp-lighter's ladder."

To enter into the life of these antiquarian outposts, the visitor must bring a well-informed mind and a sympathetic imagination. As Mansfield describes his own excursions to some of these odd, intriguing repositories of town history, we find him to be the ideal guide. He records the details yet never fails to convey a vivid sense of the lives layered behind heaps of jumbled objects.

A "small bottle, green," labeled "This barley was grown in 1883 and given by Mrs. Selden Gray," inspires a meditation on the seasons of a 19th-century farm woman's life. "To Mrs. Gray," Mansfield writes, "it was the story of 1883 in a bottle: sowing the seed, the rainy spring, the dry summer, the blight that threatened, the day they put aside their work to see the traveling carnival, the harvest, the meals made from the barley, the animals fed, the barley bartered or sold to neighbors." Even so, Mansfield possesses a certain humility in the face of such lyrical speculation: "At least, that is what I presume. Maybe it was just some barley she had around the house. You can read too much into these things."

Several of his most absorbing chapters are fine exercises in the art of compressed biography. In one way or another, each of the biographical pieces touches upon the nature and function of memory itself: who is remembered and who is forgotten, and why. "Who may enter the memory house," Mansfield writes, "is determined by decree and chance and the shared illusions of any society. . . ." History is as much an invention as a record, and it is difficult to disentangle myth and fact.

Mansfield's excavation of the history of Johnny Appleseed is one case in point. Under the accretions of folk legend he

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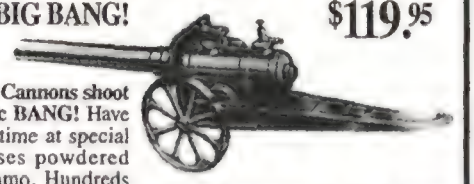

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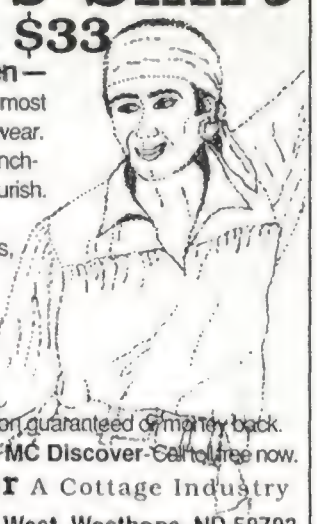

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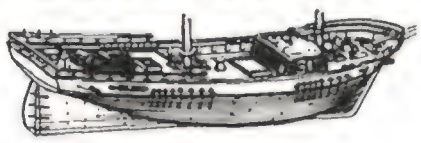

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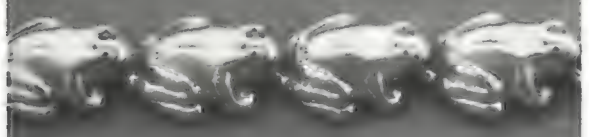

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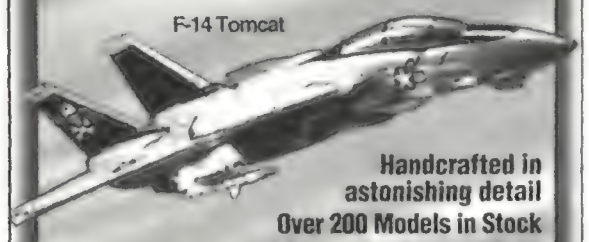

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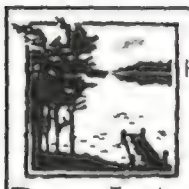

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discovers the actual historical figure, a Swedenborgian preacher who traveled tirelessly, sowing fruit trees across the land from the Allegheny River to the Indiana frontier.

The appleseed sower was in fact a man named John Chapman. In 1940 his native village of Leominster, New Hampshire, erected a granite marker to his memory, and townspeople chronicled his compassionate deeds for posterity: "He could not endure to see a beast suffer and regularly bought abused animals from their owners and gave them new homes. Each fall he would search the woods for lame horses that had been let out to die. By barter he would secure them food and shelter for the winter. In spring he would lead them to fresh meadows, and if they recovered, he never sold them but found them good homes. He did not ride horses, though it would have been a help in his hundred-mile hikes through the frontier." He was a man but, over time and distance and in burnished memory, he has taken on the aura of a saint.

In a quirky take on Jack Kerouac, Mansfield chronicles the efforts of Kerouac's hometown, Lowell, Massachusetts, to claim this writer (in his time, known largely for legendary binges in local watering holes) as a native son. "Many in town," Mansfield reports, "remember Jack as a rude drunk shouting insults in Nicky's Bar. They think he was a good boy who came back from New York and his travels with his brain scrambled." The adoption of Kerouac becomes part of an attenuated public relations exercise, an attempt to refurbish the city's image after a long decline. "They're promoting a new, clean city where everything's wonderful, but that's really not the case," complains one resident wearily. "Now Kerouac is part of this clean-up effort. . . . How you want to use history to your advantage: that's what's going on in Lowell."

In the company of the historically famous and infamous appears Myer (Mike) Goldman, pharmacist of Peterborough, New Hampshire. Although his heyday was the 1950s, he is well remembered in this community for his many kindnesses—free prescriptions for patrons down on their luck, flat tires fixed for stranded vacationers. Here we see how the social fabric of small towns is knit together by memory, just as it is threatened by acts of senseless violence coming from the outside.

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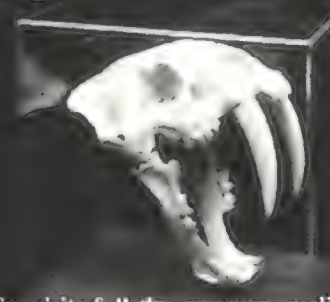

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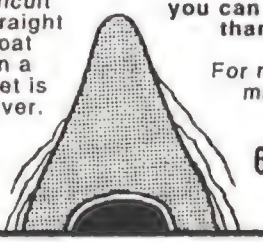

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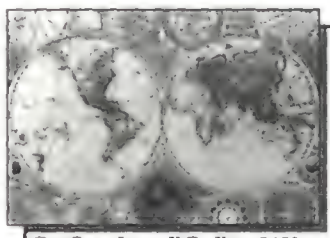

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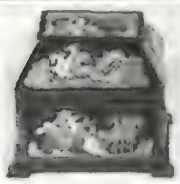

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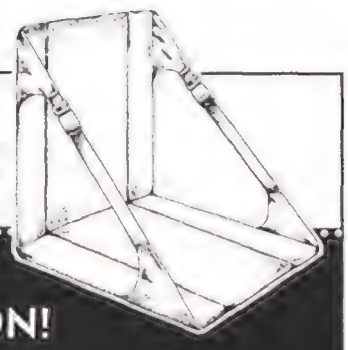

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Frederic Tudor, one of the most fascinating characters to appear in this book, epitomizes Yankee ingenuity and practicality. As such, he was in nearly every way the opposite of the idealist Henry David Thoreau, a contemporary with whom he is contrasted in this essay. In spite of many frustrations, Tudor succeeded in selling New England ice—some of it harvested from Walden Pond—to cities in the tropics, thus creating, as a prototype of the modern businessman and entrepreneur, a need and a market where there had been none. Mansfield writes: "Tudor the Ice King and Thoreau the Transcendentalist Philosopher: Once upon a time, there was room for both in America."

The last, longest part of the book is called, simply, "Absences." Sometimes, Mansfield contends, "you can judge a landscape by its absences. . . . In America we specialize in the landscape of absences. The central metaphor is also the central space in our geography: the Great Plains. It is a well-known story: To those determined to reach the gold rush fields of California, the plains were an emptiness labeled on maps as the Great American Desert. After that, when we saw that the land was fertile, we cleared away the buffalo and Indian, creating an absence as looming as a desert."

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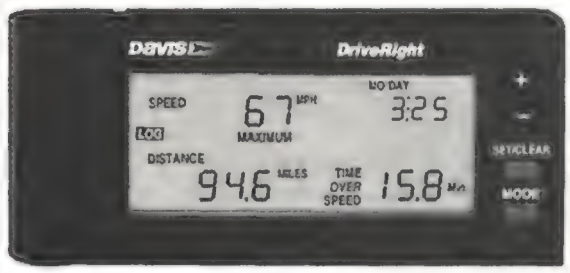

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more than once, and we are losing it today. In every American's lifetime, America is unmade anew."

The book closes with a painful account of the creation of yet another absence, the destruction, in the late 1950s, of Boston's West End in order to make room for an expensive housing development. Although the West End was old and dilapidated, that quarter was, in fact, an irreplaceable neighborhood for its residents, most of whom had immigrant backgrounds. When it was razed, they were left with nothing but their memories.

In the Memory House is informed by a humane spirit that prizes imagination while respecting fact. Although faced at every turn by its specious temptations, Mansfield avoids nostalgia and its distortions. This is a clearheaded, warmhearted book that should be of interest to all readers who want to cherish our past and embrace our future with wisdom.

Richard McDougall is a writer and critic who lives in New Hampshire.

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Additional reading

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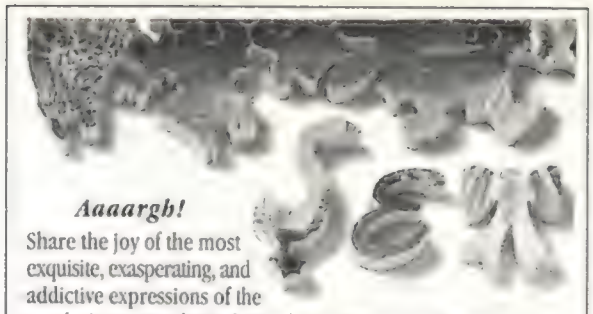

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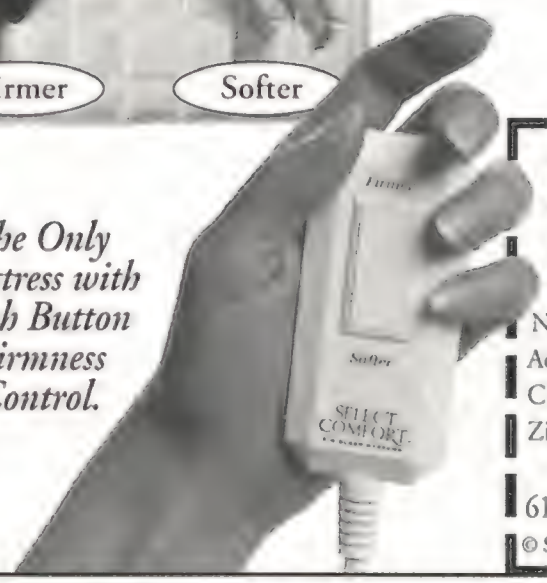

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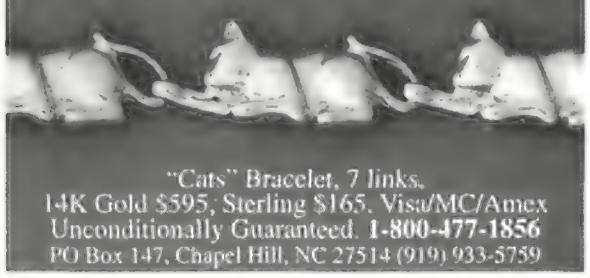

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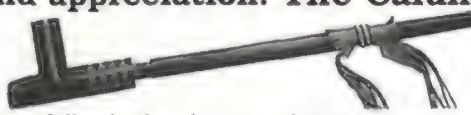

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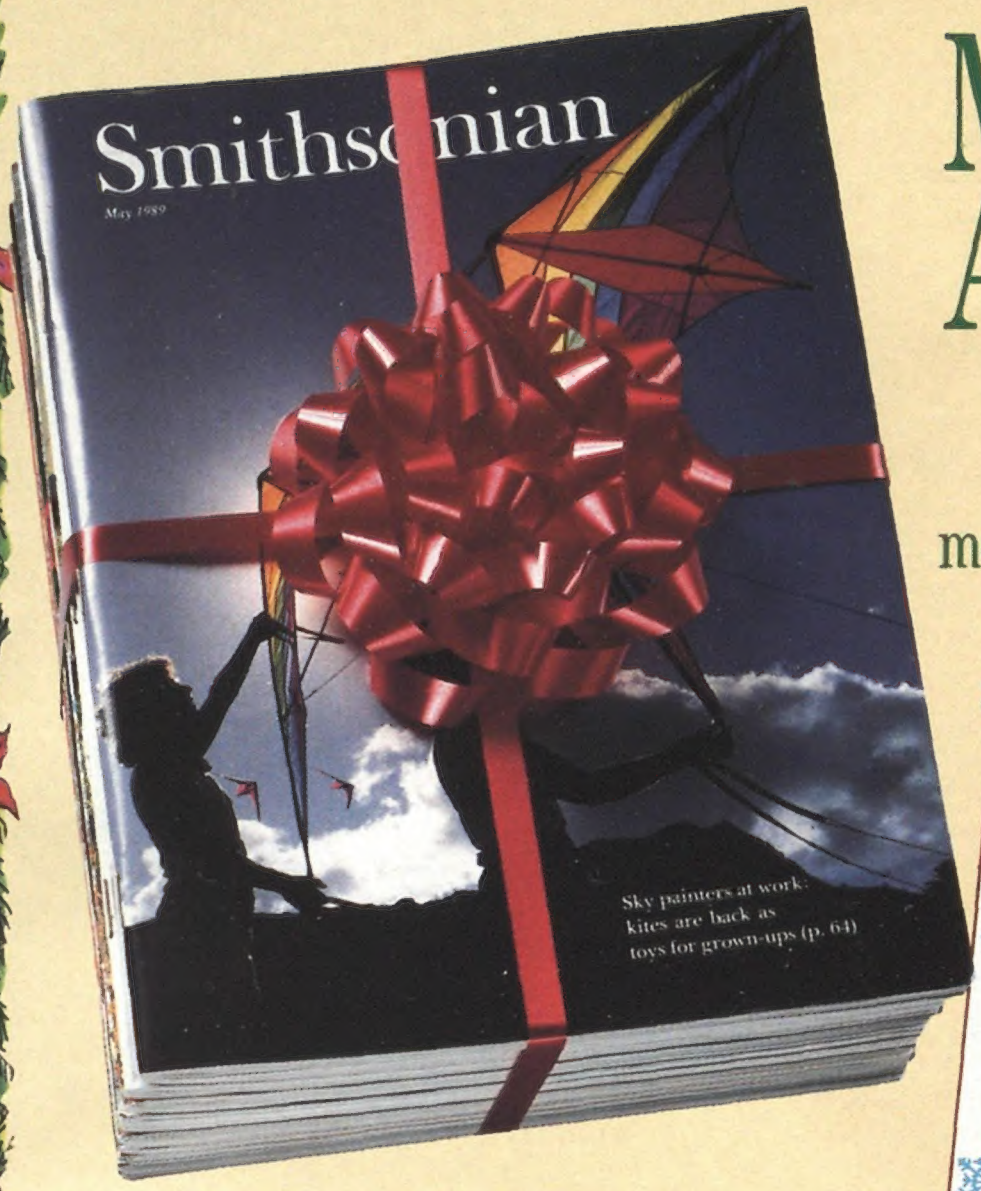

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By Daniel Pinkwater

Forget crackers–what Polly wants is a vacation

To this day, I have a way with parrots, and sometimes will take a friend into a pet shop where I can show off by relating to the birds, calming the frantic ones, getting others to talk and coo suggestively, and offer their heads to be scratched. I have even picked up my father's trick—for which my hands were too small in the old days—of taking a punishing beak between my knuckles and engaging in a kind of tug-of-war that parrots seem to appreciate.

None of this should be taken to suggest that I like parrots, macaws, cockatoos, cockatiels, parakeets, lorikeets, African love-birds or any of that disagreeable bunch. My idea of cruel and unusual punishment would be to be confined in a small space with a parrot—hell would be confinement with a whole lot of them. All my life, I've avoided every place on Earth where hook-billed seed-eaters fly wild.

As a child, I did not know I hated parrots, just that my father loved them. In Chicago, right after World War II, few people had parrots, but my father managed to find a redheaded Panama that he named Pedro.

Each day, a half-hour before my father was due to return from work, Pedro would begin shrieking, flapping and hyperventilating. By the time my father came through the door, Pedro would have worked himself into a fit. His feathers awry, his pupils dilating and contracting, he'd be hanging upside down, making little psychotic cooing noises.

My father would cradle Pedro in his arms, arranging his feathers and comforting him. "Dot's a good boid," he would say, "a good boid."

Pedro fell ill. And the boiler gave out during Pedro's crisis. Keep him warm and give him stimulants, the vet said. I remember this scene: Pedro wrapped in a dish towel, tucked up, immobilized, in a black enamel roasting pan. My father had Pedro resting on the open oven door and was in the act of pouring Scotch down Pedro's beak out of a shot glass. The stricken Pedro was looking around wildly.

I figure the bird died of fear as much as anything else.

Somewhat to my surprise, I took it hard when Pedro pegged out. My father did too. We spent a long time sitting in the darkened living room, being miserable and weeping. "Sonnyeh," my father sniffed, "don't you vorry, boy. We'll hev more parrots—lots of parrots."

"Or maybe we'll just get a dog?" I whimpered, snuggling up to my father.

"Naw, Sonnyeh, you don't hev to settle for a dog. I'll get you planty parrots, vait and see."

And so he did. I became fairly proficient in dealing with scaly leg mites, wing clipping, creating nutritious mixtures of seeds and grain, and the many psychological disorders peculiar to parrots, including the common one of idly plucking out their own feathers until they look like dressed chickens on the hoof.

About this time, my parents discovered a new form of diversion. At the onset of winter, we would entrain for California.

The family must have made an unforgettable picture as we made ready to board the Super Chief in Chicago. A single-file procession: first, my father, wearing his powder-blue suit, Stetson and topcoat, carrying over his shoulder the brown leather case containing his Cine-Kodak, and in hand, a huge Zenith portable radio in the shape of a suitcase and featuring the patented Wave Magnet antenna. My mother would follow, in her furpiece, clutching a few magazines. Next in line, myself, bearing two wooden traveling cases chock-full of parakeets, and bringing up the rear, looking as though she wanted to die, my sister Isabel, bearing still another box containing a parrot or two.

My father would have booked a double drawing room, and once we were rolling, we would spread out and get comfortable. The powerful Zenith would be fired up, the Wave Magnet stuck to the window with suction cups, so we could listen to H. V. Kaltenborn, *It Pays To Be Ignorant* and other favorites. My father would relax behind a newspaper. The traveling boxes would be opened, and the birds would flutter and perch here and there about the compartment. I would sprawl on the floor, absorbed in a comic book. My mother might knit, and Isabel would fixate on the pages of Gardner's *Art Through the Ages*, probably fantasizing that she was traveling in another country, and alone.

Pullman porters would bring ice-cold 7-Up, the family's favorite traveling beverage. And so we would rattle through the night, oblivious (except for Isabel) of our profound abnormality, heading for a winter beneath the palms.

In time, the parrot craze diminished. The parakeets and lesser Psittaciformes went, I know not where. They may have died off or been given away—I don't recall. We wound up with one parrot, Lucky—a fairly mellow Panama, by far the least obnoxious of all the birds we'd owned. My father left Lucky in the care of my sister Helen, who lived in California, when we left for home at the end of one winter. Helen hung Lucky's cage on her patio. He picked the lock one day and headed for Mexico. "God bless him," Isabel said, when we got the news. "I hope he makes it."

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